THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY SARAH S. STILWELL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Only 1900 pounds Franklin Type D

1900 pounds moved by 20 Franklin horse-power:—There's speed and climbing energy.

1900 pounds, every ounce tested, calculated and treated, for fitness and endurance, as scientifically as a lapidary cuts a diamond. There's strength, handiness, safety.

1900 pounds:—There's cutting the usual fuel-cost and tire-cost in half.

1900 pounds; and the Franklin power-saving, passenger-saving jarless frame:—There's comfort and touring mileage positively unknown in any but a Franklin.

You'd better write for the Franklin 1907 catalogue *de luxe* and learn the reasons beneath, and the results that follow this 1900 pounds.

Shaft-drive Runabout	**$1800**	**4-cylinder Touring-car**	**$2800**
4-cylinder Light Touring-car	**$1850**	**6-cylinder Touring-car**	**$4000**

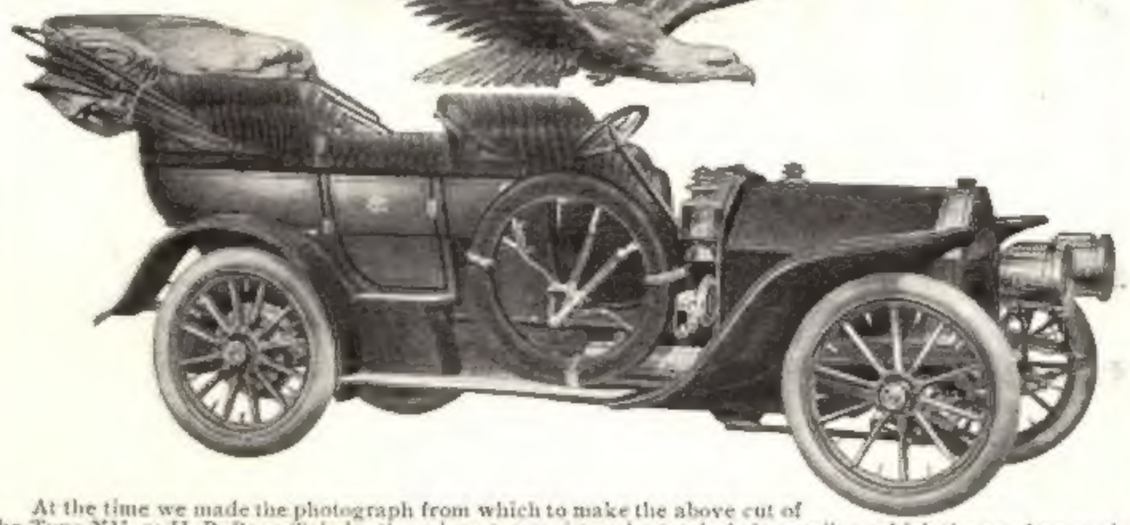
H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
M. A. L. A. M.

Type D Touring-car $ 2800
105-inch wheel-base
Five Passengers

FRANKLIN

Sixteen Thousand Miles WITH A PERFECT SCORE

POPE-TOLEDO



At the time we made the photograph from which to make the above cut of the Type XV, 50 H. P. Pope-Toledo, the odometer registered a total of 16,000 miles, which the car has made since it left our assembling room to make the rounds of the larger cities as a demonstrator. Through the sands of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana; over the mountainous roads of Pennsylvania and the New England States—under all and every kind of road and weather conditions, this car has done 16,000 miles with an absolutely perfect score.

The picture below shows the three very large Deutsche Waffen Fabrik Ball Bearings which carry the crankshaft of the Type XV. Which receives the greatest prominence in this car, D. W. F. Ball Bearings or Chrome Nickel Steel, is hard to determine. These D. W. F. Ball Bearings carry all shafts in the gear-set and form end thrust bearings; they crop out in the differential and Jackshaft bearings, front and rear road wheels are carried by them steering knuckles, pump commutator—even the motor fan revolves on them. At every point where a Ball Bearing is possible the genuine imported Deutsche Waffen Fabrik is used.

POPE Toledo AUTOMOBILES

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POPE MOTOR CAR CO.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

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immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. **"New-Skin" relieves Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.**

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes. **MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS,** in fact all of us, are liable to bruise, scratch or scrape our skin. **"NEW-SKIN"** will relieve these injuries, **will not wash off,** and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as **"NEW-SKIN"** makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it. **"Paint it with 'New-Skin' and forget it,"** is literally true.

CAUTION: WE GUARANTEE our claims for **"NEW-SKIN."** No one guarantees substitutes or imitations trading on our reputation, and the guarantee of an imitator would be worthless anyway.

Always Insist on Getting "New-Skin"

Sample size, **10c.** Family size (like illustration), **25c.** Two ounce bottles (for surgeons and hospitals), **50c.** **AT THE DRUGGISTS,** or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co. 96-102 Church Street Dept. R New York

Warm it in a pan before serving

Cold Days Demand Energy

and Egg-O-See supplies it to old and young. It puts "snap" into business and home duties, into school and play, because there is real energy in it, power without overtaxing digestion, and deliciousness without injury.

Let the children eat all the EGG-O-SEE they wish—the more EGG-O-SEE, the more health

Crisp it for a minute in the oven and eat with cream, and notice its flaky, appetizing nut-like flavor, and how much more perfectly it digests and how good you feel while it is digesting. Choice wheat, the true food, perfectly prepared by the original Egg-O-See process. Pure, palatable, perfect in satisfying and digestive power.

10 Liberal Breakfasts 10c.

In Canada and Pacific Coast territory the price of Egg-O-See is 15c, two packages for 25c.

How to get well, keep well by natural means—bathing, exercise, food, etc.—and how to use Egg-O-See for every meal in the week is told in our expensively prepared booklet, **"-back to nature," sent free.** We are glad to send it. You will be glad to get it.

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Gives full protection. Neat in appearance. Stays on. Does not "draw," cramp, hurt your "corn," or cause the feet to ache or perspire.

As necessary in cold, clear weather to keep the feet warm as they are in wet and stormy weather to keep the feet dry.

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EVERSTICK
INVISIBLE RUBBER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Insist on having the Everstick fitted closely to the foot. Accept no substitute. See that the name **Everstick** is stamped on the lining.

If you cannot get a pair where you live, write us. We will see you get a pair. Our valuable booklet, "Foot Safety," mailed free.

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PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from $125 upward. Also beautiful **new Uprights** at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new **Bargain List** and also one of our **Piano Book Catalogs,** which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

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World's Largest Music House

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Send your capital to Seattle

It will earn **6%** for you invested in first mortgage loans.

We loan only on well located, improved, productive property.

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No delay in assigning mortgages. Full information of each loan so that selection can be made.

Send for booklet on "Seattle" and "Seattle Mortgages"

Capital $400,000

Title Trust Company 702 Second Avenue Seattle, Wash.

31 Years of Success

THE PRUDENTIAL

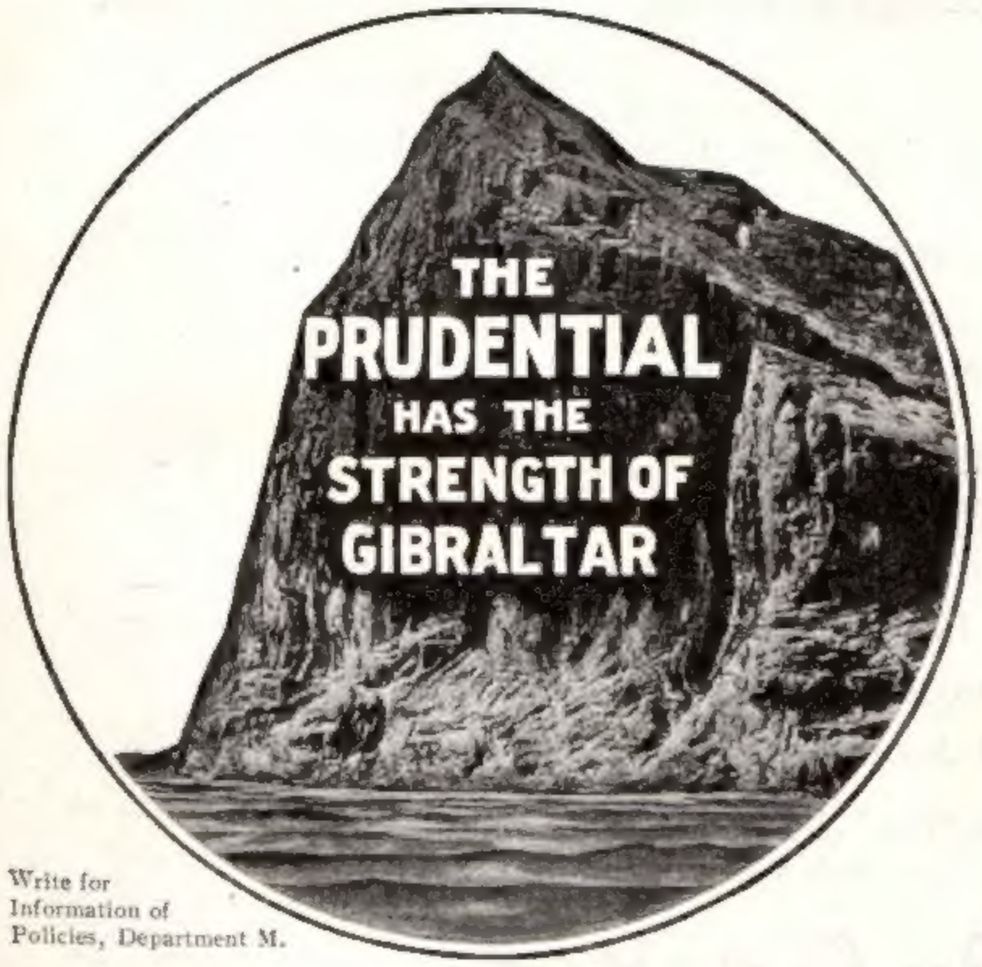
Foremost in Public Usefulness, Security and Public Confidence

Thirty-first Annual Statement, January 1, 1907, shows:

ASSETS, over	127 Million Dollars
LIABILITIES (including Reserve over $103,000,000) nearly	107 Million Dollars
CAPITAL STOCK,	2 Million Dollars
SURPLUS (largely for ultimate payment of dividends to Policyholders), over	18 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN ASSETS, nearly	20 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1906, over	16 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN AMOUNT PAID POLICYHOLDERS 1906 over 1905, over	2 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to Dec. 31, 1906, over	123 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS AND OTHER CONCESSIONS Not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, nearly	7½ Million Dollars
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS ON SECURITY OF THEIR POLICIES, nearly	5 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	7 Million
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	82 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion, Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars.



Write for Information of Policies, Department M.

The Year's Record Shows:

Efficient, Economical Administration.

Increased Payments to Policyholders for Death Claims and Dividends.

Large Saving in Expenses.

Lower Expense Rate than Ever Before.

Reduction of Expense Rate in Industrial Department nearly 3½% of Premium Income.

Favorable Mortality Experience.

The business operations of The Prudential are confined to the United States and strictly limited to selected lives.

Dividends to Policyholders during 1906 over

One and One Quarter Million Dollars

Unsolicited letters from Policyholders receiving Dividends demonstrate that the results more than meet the expectations of the Insured.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

For Every $100 of Liabilities The Prudential has $119 of Securely Invested Assets

This is the time of year when most youngsters suffer from chapped hands and rough skins.

It is easy to understand why.

The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face—when he has to; but he is apt to waste precious little time in drying them. That is what causes all the trouble—lack of care in drying the hands and face, after washing them.

It is not enough that you use a pure, mild soap like Ivory. You should see to it that, in winter, every member of your family thoroughly dries his or her hands and face before venturing out of doors.

Made of pure vegetable oils and containing no "free" alkali, Ivory Soap will keep the skin sweet and smooth and clean. It rests with you to keep it *dry*.

Ivory Soap . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PRICE OF BEEF

The Packer and the Great American Steer

BY EMERSON HOUGH

"Is There a Combine? I am Too Busy Trying to Hold Down This Job to Answer Any Fool Questions. I've Got a Family"

LAST spring I was out bear-hunting in the Selkirks, two or three hundred miles from the jumping-off place. After some days of bad boating and hard tramping we found ourselves in a hemmed-in valley where none but the feet of the grizzly had ever trod. My guide and I kicked away the snow, built a fire and sat down on a log to enjoy life.

"Thank Heaven!" said I. "Here at last the writing business is far, far away. No one can talk shop to me now."

"I don't know," said my guide, reaching down in the folds of his buckskin shirt; "I've got a few little things here that I've done myself."

I fell off the log.

Was it surprising that the guide should do this thing? Not in the least. It is not even surprising that his stories were very good, and that you will see them printed in good places. The surprising thing about it is that the guide should have been there at all. He was a stalwart Western American, an ex-rancher, a good product of that part of America which to me has always seemed to produce the best men on earth. Yet he had left America because he could not make a living there, had had the bad taste to quit the flag of Freedom, Standard Oil and Steel. I asked him why.

"I worked twelve years for Swift and Armour," said he, "and I got tired of it. I had a couple of sections of land below Mandan, South Dakota, stocked with plenty of cattle. I understood the ranching business, and for twelve years I worked about eighteen hours a day, doing three men's work trying to make it go. When I found I couldn't I quit America, and tried to find a land of the free."

It seemed to me that was rather a bitter sort of indictment.

A few months later I was at Deadwood, South Dakota, and met there a citizen who owns over a thousand acres of well-watered land, stocked with good cattle. I asked him how he was getting along. "Don't talk about it!" said he; "I am lucky if I break even at the end of each year. I used to make a little money driving in beef to the local butcher shop; but the beef trust in Chicago can take my cattle, kill and dress them, ship them back to Deadwood and undersell me in the market." Something of an indictment here, too, as it seemed to me. Not long ago I talked with the rate-clerk of one of the big railroads running out of Chicago. "Rates?" said he. "We don't make 'em. When any clash comes up over rates, why, the packers tell us where we get off."

Yet another railway clerk said something about rebates. "There are different ways of doing things, you know," he remarked. "There is not any need to be coarse. The new rate law is fierce, but there are ways of getting around it. Suppose my road ditches a trainload of cattle or dressed beef. The shipper brings suit if we don't settle—but we settle all right. We pay fifty thousand dollars for beef worth twenty-five thousand; and that covers quite a little multitude of rebates, doesn't it? My friend, there are different ways of skinning a cat, and it was never skinned nicer than it is to-day."

These merry speeches seemed to me to add counts to the indictment.

Not long ago I talked with a former freight agent of the Chicago stockyards who had been obliged to leave Chicago because he could not make a living there. "In old times," he said, "all the railroads had high-priced men at the yards, fighting for the livestock business. One packer gave me one hundred and fifty cars a week, another would run forty-five a week, another forty to eighty cars, and so on down. My road carried nineteen thousand cars of cattle one year. Others carried more. There was hustling and competition among the freight agents.

"One day my road and a certain inside corporation, which I will call the Alleghany Express Company, were sued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The private car line of our 'Express Company' was owned by a big packing outfit at the yards. It had four hundred and fifty cars that cost five hundred and fifty dollars each to build. We agreed to carry beef in these cars, three trips a month for each car, at fifteen dollars a trip, Chicago to New York, bringing the car back empty; or forty-five dollars a month for each car—five hundred and forty dollars a year on a car that cost five hundred and fifty. The other packers, then called the Big Three, were back of this suit, because my packing concern was selling too much beef to the crack hotel trade of New York. The suit did not stick, although tried in three different cities. Pretty soon this packing concern was taken into what we now call the Big Six.

"Not long after this I found it hard to get cars for my customers. I thought something was wrong, and it was. My general manager sent for me to come to his office, and he put his hand on my shoulder and looked me in the eye, and said he, 'My boy, *we don't want* any more livestock to carry over this road!'

"I saw my finish then. The pool was beginning to get into running order. After that we livestock agents had less and less to do, until finally our jobs became merely perfunctory, and a telegraph clerk could do all the hustling necessary.

"I couldn't prove that there was any combine among the packers. I can only say that high-priced men were not any longer needed to hustle freight at the yards. A few of us got other jobs, a very few were pensioned, some were kicked out, and some quit when they saw what was coming. I suppose it was business, and I am not kicking. A fellow has to take his medicine."

"I've Got a Few Little Things Here that I've Done Myself"

The counts in the indictment against the packers seem to grow.

I talked with a man who cuts beef in the butcher department of a big Chicago store, and he added to the short and simple annals of the men who have had to take their medicine.

"Fewer and fewer butchers buy in the yards now," he said. "Wholesale competition is gone, and the retailers will have to go next. Is there a combine? I am too busy trying to hold down this job to answer any fool questions. I've got a family.

"A few years ago I had two or three thousand dollars and ran a little slaughter-house and shop in an Ohio town. I killed a few head of cattle each week, got up at two in the morning, worked hard, lived over the shop, kept my family pretty well. We didn't go into the best society—lots of folks wouldn't speak to us; same as lots of packers to-day won't speak to lots of folks: me, for instance. I got along.

"Pretty soon a man came to me and asked if I wouldn't quit butchering and handle dressed beef for his concern. I told him NO. I was independent. He went away, but he came back in a few months and said he would like to take me into partnership, to sell dressed beef on commission. He said I didn't need to put up a cent, that they would furnish the beef and divide profits with me. I was still independent.

"Late that fall he came around again, and this time *he* was independent. 'You go in with us,' said he, 'or we start a shop next door.' I said, 'Go ahead'; an' he done so.

"He puts up a shop such as never was in that town before—red beef-hangers, marble-top counters, glass scales silver-plated—and he hung up meat such as we had never seen the like of in our lives—beef with red rosettes on the sides, sheep better than any we had ever seen, hogs that made your mouth water. Moreover, the price was four cents a pound less than I had been charging.

"Well," said the story-teller, slowly sawing into a bone on the block, "I lasted four weeks. I wouldn't go to work for them on a salary; and I had to leave that town. I got a job here in the city after a while. I'm not talking. I'm not feeling independent any more."

Some Discharged Buyer Would Talk

No doubt many counts like the foregoing could be added to the indictment. The packer has been tried in and out of court these many moons. We, however, are not here to try him out of court. This is the story of the packer. And, since there never was an industrial war which did not have two sides to it, just as there never was a divorce suit which did not have two sides, why should not a packer tell the packer's side of one of the great stories of to-day—the story of the beef producer and the maker of dressed beef? One of the great packing concerns of the world, Swift & Co., of Chicago, agreed to do this—an act of courtesy on their part. Their statement has value and should be carefully weighed.

In advance it is to be said that Gustavus F. Swift, the founder of the dressed-beef industry, was a great man. He led or handled most of the great revolutions which have come up in the history of the American steer. Born in New England, he peddled beef from a wagon while a youth. He moved to Albany, and jumped thence to Chicago, where he first took the notion that since Eastern consumers did not eat the horns and hoofs, there was no use paying

"The Beef Trust in Chicago Can Take My Cattle, Kill and Dress Them, Ship Them Back to Deadwood and Undersell Me in the Market"

Eastern freight on horns and hoofs. He took on hogs, sheep, poultry as the game grew. Sometimes the game came near playing him, instead of his playing the game; but always it was a big game, a man's game. The man who could do these things is to be taken seriously, and so are the words of the firm which he founded:

"We quite agree that we need make no statement to the public. We are not in the least upon the defensive, and most of our 'statements' are made in our own literature, better yet, in our goods, which the public seems to like. We do not think a great industry ought to be injured by misrepresentation. The truth is a different thing. Since the public has not always received that, it seems to us to be worth while to make a brief general statement covering the fundamental principles of the packing business as it is and must be carried on to-day.

"It is not in the least necessary for us to refer to the work of sensationalists who have done their best to convey the impression that our business is an uncleanly one and conducted in an uncleanly manner. The packing business is of itself and perforce the most uncleanly of any in the world. We shall not attempt any sort of defense where none is needed. We simply say that all that sort of thing is now behind us. We refer all complaints of unsanitary conditions to the Government inspectors. 'U. S. Inspected and Passed' is good-enough label for us, and we accept it.

"We have no resentment against the American people and are unwilling to believe that the people have any real resentment against the packing industry. For instance, we think your ex-American mentioned above could have managed to make a living somehow in this country. Probably we helped him to stay in business as long as he did, and we think we can prove this dispassionately. We did not put your Deadwood man out of business, and we think we can make him admit that. As to the corn-belt farmer, he was never so well off as he is to-day. His banks are bursting with money, and he is getting fair average prices for his livestock all the time. He can get some sort of a price *all* the time and *any* of the time.

"Do producers ever stop to think of the last-mentioned phase of the question? We packers keep the market going. If prices do not go any higher the country itself is to blame for that fact, and not the packers. We shall prove that a combination not only does not exist, but cannot exist, as to the prices paid for cattle; that the market has the demand of the entire country back of it.

"The ranchman or farmer who can ship a trainload of stock, and draw at the local bank for practically the face of his shipment on the strength of the average market report for the week, has mighty little kick coming to him, it seems to us. The main thing is that he shall get for his beef what it is worth when it reaches the yards. Would he like to go back to the condition of the cattle kings of early Texas, who had no market to which they could ship their cattle? Does he want to go back to the days of undressed beef and little scattered butcher shops? If he did want to do that, he could not now, and it is very well he cannot. The success of each man to-day is mixed up with the success of others. Salaries depend upon businesses, and businesses depend on policies, and policies which are wrong do not succeed. Civilization is intricate; but we submit that we have only done our modest part in advancing the civilization of the day. We have done that by using brains and money and energy.

"You say your local butcher at Deadwood failed. He ought to have failed, because he threw away the most important part of his animal—the blood, hoofs, horns and entrails. From a modern packing standpoint he threw away literally all that was worth keeping! Until that man is able to use the refuse of his steer he is not fit, or rather we should say he is not fitted, to stay in the beef business of to-day.

"A while ago one of our leading competitors said in some such sweeping way that he cared nothing what the price of beef was. A great many men down in Texas thought that a brutal sort of statement, and said that he ought to care; yet that statement is almost absolutely true. Let us explain it so that it will not seem either brutal or unfair. It was meant to cover the great truth that the edible part of the great American steer is the part which is of least consequence to the packer. If you will agree to take off our hands free of expense this *edible* part of the steer and give us what this local butcher has been *throwing away*, we will accept that and remain satisfied, and make just about as much money as we are making now!

"This truth has often been placed before the public, and as often discredited: that the packer makes his money out of the by-products. We are too busy to prove this all over again. We proved it fully in the Garfield report. Mr. Garfield showed that our per cent. of profit on sales was 1.9 per cent. This included profits on all by-products and processes. Of course, we 'turn our money' over as often as we can; but we believe that this margin of safety, one attainable only at the cost of continual industrial and scientific fight, is as close as any business ought to be asked to use. We buy the farmers' and ranchers' beef *for cash*, take all the risks, all chance of loss by condemnation under inspection or otherwise, invest millions in capital, and something besides, we think, in brains and commercial courage; and we sell at a margin of profit of 1.9 per cent., and we *sell it on credit*. What business does as much as that? As a matter of fact, however, credit is as good as cash to us, we might say. There are many mysterious things connected with the American steer, and the most wonderful of all is that nearly every branch of business connected with his handling is commercially honorable and safe, and always has been. We do not altogether understand this; but history is history.

"Rates?" Said He. "We Don't Make 'em. The Packers Tell Us Where We Get Off"

"The great thing which we want to make absolutely plain to the farmer or rancher is that there is no such thing to-day as a profitable *slaughtering* business. Our business is a *manufacturing* business and not a slaughtering business. Our books are open. Any shipper can follow the record of his cattle all the way through, and find out for himself how much they netted at each step. He can see for himself that the packer pays more for his steer on the hoof than the beef brings on the hook; and he does this not part of the time, but all of the time.

"He sells this highly perishable product on a highly fluctuating market, a market established by a public taste and a public purse which continually change. He sells a commodity which is not easy to sell, but hard to sell, placing it on a market against the most stubborn resistance at times; as, for instance, note the big fight the packers had in introducing dressed beef in California, not to mention the first hard stages of the fight in the East. All of this hard fight is over the edible portion of the steer. Sometimes we think we would like to see the Government take that portion off our hands too. The Government would find its hands full, if it did. The whole history of beef-handling is full of strange and abnormal conditions. As an industrial proposition the American steer is abnormal. He is as baffling to-day as he ever was, and we who ought to know do not know where he will go next.

"The refrigerator car revolutionized the beef industry, and was the principal factor in transforming the cattle business from a haphazard, speculative venture into a permanent, steady and conservative business. It built up the livestock markets, and secured for the Eastern centres of population an unfailing supply of choice corn-fed beef.

"There is a wide range in prices which the different grades of cattle bring in the markets, the difference being due almost entirely to the quality of beef which the animal promises to supply. As to the non-edible portions, in which the packer is interested, there is no such range. The offal of a corn-finished steer is worth no more than that of his range brother. The producer, whose land is constantly enhancing in value, must get a constantly enhancing price for his steers, and to do this must constantly produce a better quality; and this he does by improved methods of breeding and feeding. The relative value of two steers standing side by side is determined almost entirely by the beef there is in them. When we buy a high-priced steer we pay relatively a much higher price for his offal than we do when we buy a cheaper steer, because it is bought at so much per pound on the hoof; on the other hand, the demand for the choicer beef is far more steady and reliable than that for the poorer qualities. There are many such things as this which are unknown to the public, or unconsidered by it; but we trust that this will aid in showing how closely the packer has to figure in his business at large, and how complex is the modern industry, which has done away with the old notion of the American steer, namely, that his price was a matter of slaughter value only. Would the range producer like to have beef to-day sell on the basis of slaughter value and not of manufacturing value? We think not.

"*No slaughtering value can establish a stable market.* It is the manufacturing side of the modern beef business which makes the livestock market stable and perpetual, a datum, a bed-rock for all the allied industries of the country. Perhaps, our critics would like us to tear up this bed-rock, do away with this certainty, so that once in a while a few might get possibly higher prices for small shipments of livestock? We do not think the experiment would work well as a whole.

"As to the slaughtering business, the situation is much as it always was. The factor of hand labor in killing, skinning and cutting a bullock is much as it always was. If volume in a slaughtering business increases it means a steadily increasing administrative expense. Volume is therefore not a benefit, but a detriment, in the slaughtering business. It means greater expense and greater chances.

"On the other hand, in the manufacturing business volume is the keynote of success. A manufacturing business—and we submit that our seventy-odd departments of minute specialization in by-products do constitute ours a manufacturing business—must be kept at top capacity. Its hoppers, so to speak, must be kept full in order to do business at a profit. We don't dare take a chance of standing idle. That means that we must buy steers in these yards, that we *must have them*. It means that we *must keep up the market*, so that the steers will come here to us. If the packers of Chicago did not purchase, and if the market stood glutted for forty-eight hours, there would no longer be any market—the shipments would promptly leave Chicago and go elsewhere. That would mean that our manufacturing plants would stand idle, that our expenses would eat us up, and that we would be forced to the wall. We are taking no chances of that kind.

"Now, if we say that the country wants and needs this big beef market, we practically concede all that any packer asks. A surprising result of inter-related facts will follow, more facts than we believe the public has always been taught to understand by those who are ready to criticize us, and to hear but one side of what we believe is a great human story.

"It is true that, out of this desirable condition of a steady and perpetual market, there have inevitably arisen some conditions which are incidental to that fact, but none the less distressing. Dressed beef has meant hardships. So did the invention of the spinning jenny, of labor-saving agricultural machinery, and pretty much everything else now thought necessary to civilization. The useful cotton gin caused hardship when introduced; but shall we wipe out the cotton gin to-day? Every great invention has worked its hardships incidentally. Also each great invention has been followed by a certain time of unrest and experiment and uncertainty during the period of adjustment. Each industrial revolution has killed earlier methods, and left useless much material, and worked hardships to individuals for the time; but not through any bad faith, not through any dishonesty.

"Take the matter of our supposed profits in private car lines. A great deal of literature has been made about that, and we have not space to make more at this place; but the Government reports will show that, whatever we once supposedly made, conditions have so adjusted themselves that now we certainly make less. Take the story of the suit against the so-called 'Alleghany Express' for the profits it made, perhaps twenty years ago. To-day we should be exceedingly glad to lease a car for five hundred and forty dollars a year, the figure our critics say was once common; and we may say that it costs between eleven and twelve hundred dollars, and not five hundred and fifty dollars, to build such a car as the trade demands

He Peddled Beef from a Wagon

to-day. Charge off eight per cent. for depreciation, four per cent. for repairs, another four per cent. for interest, and the profit does not remain so large as it perhaps seems to an outsider. As to rebates and special privileges, we can answer precisely and conclusively as we did as to the matter of sanitation. It is in the hands of the United States Government. We also are citizens of this country.

"As to putting the retailers out of business, we only wish we could put them into business, and let them take the purveying of beef entirely off our hands. We are not purveyors of beef except incidentally. We are glue-makers, soap-makers, animal-food makers, makers of many other products. We want no slaughtering profit, but only a manufacturing profit. The very thing which the public accuses us of doing is what we do not want to do and what we *dare* not do. We used to sell fats to soap-makers, and now we make the soap ourselves. We used to sell all our edible oils, and then we went into the oleomargarine business. Each time when we got jolted by changing conditions we lit on our manufacturing feet. We kept our big plants going, and that helped keep the big market going; and that helped keep the business of some of our critics going, in all likelihood, if we may say so much.

"We are loosely accused of giving the steer producer too little for his beef, and of making too much out of the products. The truth is that we *do not dare* try to make too much! Suppose we were willing to take the last dollar we could, as most men think we are, we would not dare do it. We would put ourselves out of business the first week we inaugurated that sort of policy.

"We are charged with killing competition in the live-stock markets. As a matter of fact, that is the very thing we *dare not* kill. We are charged with putting our hands on the producer's throat. As a matter of fact, the producer's hand is on our throats all the time. We are the ones who ought to be scared, and who *are* scared. It is we who are the servants all the time.

"There are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty independent buyers in the stockyards each day of the year, outside of the buyers for the bigger concerns. The whole country is full of independent slaughterers. Perhaps half our largest customers are equipped to slaughter beef. Now they are just as eager to put us out of business as we are to put them out of business. The first minute there is a dollar in their going back to killing, they go back, and they are satisfied with a dollar or so a head of profit in killing.

"That is to say, suppose that the members of the so-called beef combine, which exists in the heated imagination of certain writers, should really put their heads together to the effect of making a profit of eight dollars a head on a dressed bullock, instead of selling it for less than is given for it on the hoof. At that very moment they would invite their own destruction; because at that very moment the always-dreaded spectre of potential competition would bob up. The small slaughterer, satisfied to make one or two dollars of profit per head, would be able to overbid us in the market and take away our steers. The market would settle to actual values; but while it was settling shipments would go elsewhere, the market would disintegrate, and our business would fall apart like a dissolving dream.

"It is all very well to criticize, but sometimes the critic does not want what he thinks he wants. Some of our critics think the public should take a fall out of the 'big packers' whenever opportunity arises; but the public does not always benefit by that. At the time of the big stockyards strikes the troubles of the 'big packers' gave the independent packers a chance to get deeper into the game. There are three big independent packing houses, as they are known, which we can show you from our windows. The *public* paid for them at the time of the stockyards strikes! The 'independent' packer and the innocent retailer showed fully as much willingness to exact high prices from the consumer as the guilty packer had ever done. It was *the public* which paid those prices and which built these other packing plants; and if retail prices are lower now, that is to be credited to the larger concerns and to the restored balance of the beef market. If the consumer still pays those high retail prices for his beef, then he should talk with his retailer over it, and not with us.

"Our 'ante' is up in this game all the time. We could not drive out the independent packer if we wished to. If he drops out of buying for a day he loses a few dollars. If we stay out a day what does it cost us? Our 'ante' covers these plants, this employed labor, these ice houses, these cars, these spaces contracted for export cattle on ocean steamships, these foreign markets, these many local markets. Shall we try to put down cattle prices and to 'kill out competition'? *We don't dare to!*

"Three days of an unsold market and there would be an end of Chicago—we almost dare put it in that sweeping form. We don't dare do that by any contributory negligence on our part. We have to keep each man employed each hour, to keep each wheel moving each hour. Try it.

(Continued on Page 20)

THE BLACK COMPANY

It Seemed Strangely White in the Black Frame of the Carriage Door

Being the Encounter of the Occasional Offender with a Beautiful and Clever Woman

By ARTHUR STRINGER

I

I WAITED on the corner of Broadway and Fortieth Street lazily debating with myself whether it should be the Metropolitan or the Haymarket. I didn't care which, for those play-acting places seemed mostly a waste of time to me. When I wanted amusement I always hankered after the real thing: I never cared to sit in a plush chair and watch a two-dollar picture of it. That make of mental cocktail was good enough for tired workers and hall-roomers. It was good enough for the soul of a flat-dweller. But when I wanted thrills I preferred getting them from the jolts and bumps along the crazy, happy-go-lucky Under Groove.

So I stood at the curb, looking up and down the Rialto's crowded valley of lights, listening to its confusion of noises, lazily reveling in its panoramic tangle of life, detached enough from it all to enjoy it as a spectacle. For Broadway, from Forty-second Street south, was blocked—blocked just as I've seen a log-jam block a river. Motor-cabs and surface-cars, four-wheelers and hansoms for the theatres, broughams and landaus for the Metropolitan, glass-tonneaued autos and wagonettes from the uptown restaurants, all seemed hemmed and snarled together. Waiting crowds, on foot, blocked the street-crossings. Policemen waved and shouted and blew their whistles. Newsboys dodged in and out with the latest "extra." Chafing horses pounded the wet asphalt.

Then the key-log, wherever it was, at last gave way. The jam loosened; the two slowly-disentangling lines of vehicles moved on again. Car-bells clanged, motors whirred and grunted and honked, dancing horse-hoofs tattooed and pattered on the muddy pavement. Then the line came to a second stop. Men in fur and evening dress looked out of cab-doors impatiently. Women in white and cream and ermine leaned back on their cushions petulantly. A whistle blew: the line moved again creepingly.

On a brougham door, drifting up nearer and nearer to where I stood, I noticed a white-gloved hand. As it came still closer I saw that the sash had been lowered. Out of the hooded gloom suddenly appeared a woman's face.

I gazed at the passing face idly. It seemed strangely white in the black frame of the carriage door. It was a beautiful enough face, but I was most struck by its unhappiness. It was only one of many, I knew, oppressed with its joyless pursuit of joy. The woman leaned farther forward as her carriage wheels passed the crossing where I stood. She did not speak. But she had swept me with one quick look. I saw the white-gloved hand move to the silver door-knob as our eyes met for the second time. A moment later the door of the slowly-moving carriage swung open. Not a word was spoken. But there could be no mistake about it. At some unequivocal yet inarticulate bidding I quickly stepped inside and closed the door.

II

THE wheels did not rest; the creeping line did not stop. I sat back in the padded gloom—waiting, wondering. The only sound was a little gasp from the woman at my side. It was one of fear, or one of relief, I could not tell which. It might have been both. Then she half rose from her seat and peered out through the little back window of the carriage. There was something luxurious-sounding in the rustle of her wrappings, and a thin perfume of orris spread through the darkness about me.

"Were you seen?" she asked, and it wasn't until the sound of her voice reached my ear that I comprehended the actual tensity of her feelings, the nervous strain under which she was laboring.

"Seen by whom?" I asked, quite in the dark.

"From the cab behind?" There was something so reassuringly low and full-toned in her voice that I felt half-ashamed of my lingering suspicions, as she sat there beside me with her hands clasped in her lap.

"They're following me!" she said at last, as though speaking to herself.

"Why should they?" I asked casually, still satisfied to wait for the cards as Destiny dealt them out. I had been taught to be wary, very wary, along the twists and turns of the Under Groove.

"You are a gentleman," she said inappositely—I had always held that one of my particular calling could not dress too carefully!—"You are a gentleman; I saw that the first time I passed you!"

Then, indeed, she had passed me twice. The play was becoming more interesting. But I remained guarded and silent, wondering what freak of chance, or what coalition of forces, I was facing. I could not see her face distinctly in the dim light of the carriage. She apparently found it hard to continue, for she sat there at my side, for several seconds, perfectly silent.

"I ought to be in fustian, oughtn't I?" I ventured, to bridge the awkward pause. "And, by the way, what *is* fustian?"

I knew she was peering at me in wonder. My note of levity seemed to puzzle her. I began to enjoy the suspense of it all. I even sat back, possessed by a wish to prolong the mysteriousness of the movement that had brought us together in that unlighted carriage. I even closed my eyes to consequences, for the moment, satisfied with the soft allurement of the situation. I began to dread her next speech, for I felt that with explanation would come disenchantment.

"I knew you would help me!" she said; and again she spoke the words half meditatively, as though talking to herself.

I began to dread, as I'd dread a blow, the earthlier touch that was coming closer and closer—the touch that was to prick and burst my bubble of momentary illusion.

I saw her suddenly stoop and grope in under the carriage cushions with her gloved hand. My own right hand went down and back, as she did so. It is a trick that only the Under Groove ever teaches one.

"I want you to take this," she said. I saw she held a little packet in her outstretched hand. *"It's nine thousand dollars in banknotes, altogether. I want you to take it and keep it for me!"*

III

I PEERED through the gloom at the woman. Then I peered down at the packet. I could just make out a tightly-banded bundle of banknotes, with their yellows and greens faintly visible through the drifting half-lights.

The woman was undoubtedly mad—as mad as a March hare! My first fleeting impression was a desire to escape to the freedom of Broadway.

Suddenly an off-side automobile, backing round under the arm of an angry policeman, threw its searching acetylene glare straight into the hooded recess of the carriage. It left her face cut out against the black cushion-cloth with the clearness of a cameo. It was a soft and slender oval of a face, crowned with a mass of hair too dark to be described as yellow, and yet too pale to be called golden. Her lips, at the moment, were tremulous and slightly parted. Her eyes were a clear brown, almost a seal brown, but now, apparently, big with some undefinable fear. Every line of her face was a line of breeding. Her teeth were very small, like rice, but also very white. Her face, as a whole, seemed to carry a spirit of audacity touched with weariness, of a youthfulness not without wisdom. Something about her gave me the impression of teeming vitality at ebb-tide, of a keen and tempered vigor of body sheathed in a momentary fatigue of spirit. She was still a young woman. She was also a singularly beautiful one. I decided to stay where I was. It is not every day that one can ride in a carriage with a beautiful woman as mad as a March hare.

She was still holding out the money for me to take. My hesitation, in fact, seemed to mystify her.

"But what am I to do with it?" I asked.

"Get away with it, at once, while you can!" was her answer.

"Pardon me, but shouldn't you be a bit afraid of me? Haven't you your doubts about trusting me, I mean?"

"Even if I have it's too late now," she replied after a little pause. I remembered what she had said about being followed. For the first time I realized that it might not be so pleasant and easy as it had seemed to take and keep that little, banded packet of notes.

"But what am I to do with it afterward?" I repeated.

She sat in deep thought for a minute or two.

"We could meet—yes, we could meet again, to-night," she murmured, holding a meditative finger against her lower lip.

"In what corner of the Fairies' Forest?"

She was thinking again, and did not answer me.

"No, I was wrong," she suddenly broke out. "*I* must get away from here. They will watch *me*, every move. They will follow me, every minute. That will leave you free."

"Thanks!" I murmured. I was beginning to feel uneasy. I always like to know a little of the game before going into it.

"Listen," she said, turning to me—I felt, from both her tone and her gesture, as her fingers touched my sleeve, that she was a young woman not above making the impersonal spirit of sex help toward the accomplishment of personal and selfish ends—"Listen. The driver outside has been ordered to go direct to 84 Wall Street. You can stay in the carriage and be taken there. They will never dream you have gone on. Then I can meet you there sometime before midnight."

"But, madam——" I protested.

She had opened the chatelaine bag at her waist.

"Here are my keys. This one will open the office door."

"But what door? What office?"

"The office of the Black Company," she answered.

"But what right would I have in that office?"

"You would have every right," she said, thrusting the keys into my hand, "for the office of the Black Company is *my* office!"

IV

THERE may have been nothing disturbing about the declaration in itself. What startled me was the memory that the figure at my side had seemed anything but a business woman, that she had impressed me as a contradiction of every idea of the commercial sphere of life. Here was still another incongruity; yet in some way it seemed to add to the ironic interest of the situation. That thin odor of orris greeted my nostrils again, as I turned to her.

It Took Me Exactly an Hour and a Quarter to Get that Combination

"You haven't taken the packet," she said reprovingly. Her lips were so close to my ear that I could feel the electric warmth of her breath. I had almost forgotten that we were being stalked, block by block, that we were being followed, every move we made.

"But what is this Black Company?" I asked. The woman turned and peered out of the carriage window before she answered. I could see her face again, distinct in the drifting lights of Broadway. I tried to place that face, to fit it into its natural groove. But I could conjecture nothing adequate.

A new feeling of uneasiness, almost of terror, seemed to creep over her, as though she dreaded some final plunge which could not further be put off.

"I shall tell you everything," she said hurriedly, "if you will trust me and wait a little. There will be no danger on your part—not a shadow of harm will come to you! And you will be saving me misery and suffering—and, perhaps, worse!"

There was something strangely moving and appealing in her low-voiced, little cry for help, something blindly persuasive in her soft and feminine presence. I took her banded packet of paper with a reckless, little laugh, and carefully buttoned the bills up in my inside breast-pocket.

"And wait for me," she said, as she peered out and drew her cloak about her. It was her glance, and not her voice, that told me I would be repaid for my trouble, as she turned back from the open door. Then, as the carriage passed Twenty-eighth Street, she murmured "Good-by," and dropped lightly from the step to the street.

I saw her cross Broadway, hurrying eastward. Then the shadows of the side-street swallowed her up. But from the little rear window of my carriage I beheld a black-hooded cab, not fifty feet behind me, swing sharply off to the left, in the direction the woman had taken.

The lights drifted by on either side of me. The streets of the lower town grew quieter and quieter. I could hear the ticking of the leather-cased coach clock in front of me. I sat back in the padded seat, trying to think it all out.

V

ONCE inside that office door, I felt more at ease and back in the world. I had been skeptical as to the liveried coachman on the box, suspicious of the destination of the brougham, apprehensive of some hidden accomplice who might at any moment confront me.

But nothing untoward had happened. Even the patrolman on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street had given me nothing more than a casual glance. The very watchman had brushed by me without a sign.

Yet once inside that office, and I knew my line of action was going to change. I intended to make my part no longer a waiting one. I first listened for a minute or two, to make sure I had not been followed. Then I satisfied myself the door was locked behind me. Then I struck a match, and groped about for the electric-light switch.

I found it, beside a second door, on the opposite side of the room, and turned on the lights. The office about me was not unlike hundreds of other small offices in the crowded business districts of any city. On one side were several chairs, on the other a typewriter's table, with a railing between. The door leading to the inner office was locked, but one of the keys on my ring opened it. The second was a smaller room, but more luxuriously fitted up; a rug on the floor, a roll-top desk, three swivel chairs, and, in the far corner, the looming, black shadow of a safe. This, I saw, was to be a somewhat more interesting room.

As I have often said, sentiment and the particular calling I chose to follow never went well together. I had long since learned to eliminate certain hampering scruples, certain too-costly feelings, from my make-up. I had a great deal to find out in that office, and not long in which to do it.

I began with the outer room. The only vulnerable object was the typewriter's table. The ring held no key for the drawer in that table. I had to pick the lock.

But I had only my pains for my trouble. The drawer held a ream or two of unused paper, some rubber bands, a few dozen postage-stamps, a few hundred envelopes, and a pair of black cotton sleeve-guards.

I closed the drawer, and then suddenly opened it again. For I had noticed, penciled on its wooden edge, a series of figures. I took it, at first, for a telephone number jotted down for secret reference, but now partly scratched away. As I looked closer I knew no such numerals applied to telephoning. For I could make out: "37, back 28, on 113" . . .

I did not wait to replace the drawer, but dashed for the inner office, straight to the safe. It was a combination lock. The figures on the drawer-edge, I felt, were perhaps a fragment of the permutation which would throw its tumblers free and open the great black door.

I schooled myself to calmness again, and returned to the outer room. There I copied down the figures, replaced the drawer, relocked it and switched off the lights.

Back in the inner office I drew the blind over the one small window and locked myself in. Then I studied the safe, minutely, thoroughly, methodically, following my inspection with a page or two of figuring.

I found that, if the fragment of the combination I held was the correct one, so far as I knew locks and safes, there remained a little under three thousand throws, any one of which might be the right one.

I looked at my watch. I still had time, I felt, in which to do the work. Then I took off my coat and vest, for the office was close, rolled up my sleeves, and began.

VI

IT TOOK me exactly an hour and a quarter to get that combination. And it was an hour and a quarter of taxing and tedious work, with my ear against the lock-dials, trying to combine those permutations by the minutest distinction of sound, taking my cue from the slightest deviation from the normal ward-tap and tumbler-click, as I turned and tested and listened and turned still again. But I hit it in the end. The nickel knob at last relaxed under my feverish downward push of the hand and the great door swung open.

I nursed no scruples, and wasted no time. I had more reasons than one for finding out just who and what this Black Company might be.

That it was something slightly different from what its neighbors in that highly respectable business-block took

it to be was startlingly evident, as I made my examination of the safe. For, in the first place, beyond a few dollars' worth of postage-stamps, it held nothing of immediate market value. Other things it did contain, however, which in their own way and for their own purposes were not altogether worthless.

For in a leather-backed volume, very like an ordinary ledger in appearance, I found a long list of New York families of established wealth and position. So full was this list that it might have stood for a Bradstreet or a "Who's Who" of the world of finance. The names were alphabetically arranged, the approximate amount of the fortune of each stated, the different properties, interests and personal hobbies carefully entered. Following this was a column, in cipher, which was Greek to me, though preceding many of the names I noticed a blue cross, made in pencil, and before a few others a red cross.

In the next ledger I found a list of "Subscribers," apparently those of the Black Company itself. In each case the name and address were written in full, followed by certain cryptic figures. These subscribers seemed to be from every city and town of importance throughout the East in both Canada and the United States.

In the next book which I drew out were pasted a number of newspaper clippings of advertisements. These fell like a ray of light on the perplexity through which I had been floundering. For the first advertisement read:

HEIRESS, young, beautiful, to settle threatened estate legally must marry before September. Her trustees take this method to secure suitable husband, on whom they will settle $30,000 on day of marriage. Eligible gentleman, cultured, sincere, requested to write for particulars. No agents, no triflers or undesirables wanted.

Then came still another clipping, equally enlightening, equally persuasive. It ran to the effect:

If the relatives and family of James E. (or James A.) BLACK, of THE BLACK COMPANY, Johannesburg, formerly of New York City, later of Damara-land and Johannesburg, South Africa, and recently deceased in Cape Town, will apply to Kolkner & Lincoln, duly appointed executors of THE BLACK COMPANY, 84 Wall Street, New York City, or to Messrs. Leavitt & Whitestone, 3094 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., they will learn something to their advantage.

Then followed a list of papers, obviously those in which the advertisement had appeared, with dates appended to each. Then came still another notice, inquiring, in the usual vaguely-alluring formula, for the whereabouts of relatives and heirs of one John Williams, who sailed for Australia twenty-two years before, and was there identified with certain mysterious mining ventures and smelting mergers.

Next came a huge package of cabinet photographs. It took only a glance to show they were portraits of the woman in the brougham. Then followed a Burke's Peerage, a Bradstreet, a well-thumbed *Almanach de Gotha*, and a package of business envelopes bearing the ensign: "Darius D. Cameron, Real Estate and Investments." Next, in a woman's handwriting, was a carefully-compiled directory of European hotels, after many of which was a round "O" in black pencil; then a packet of letter-heads of "The Manhattan & Mattawa Development Company," carefully wrapped and tied with red tape.

I remembered that company; and it filled me with silent glee to behold its stationery thus coffined and sealed down. For "The Manhattan & Mattawa Development" had died an untimely death, not a year ago. It had been nipped in the bud by the Post-Office authorities at Washington, on the charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. And that business had been conducted by one William Fernald, alias Charles Y. Leavitt, alias Henry Korn Kolkner. My ring of evidence was slowly but surely rounding itself out.

VII

DEEPER in the safe I found a bundle of circulars. These circulars, I saw, as I opened them, had to do with the romantic and mythical heiress of the first advertisement, the heiress so distressingly in need of a husband. They had been sent out under the name of "The James Black Estate, Limited; Ezra Black, Albert Grosvenor Whitestone, trustees; Henry K. Kolkner, managing director, 120 Lombard Street, London, E. C." It was a very beautifully-worded circular, setting forth that the aforesaid trustees were desirous of promptly and expeditiously obtaining a suitable

Thinking Things Over, I Decided to Draw its Teeth

husband for the heiress in question, artfully detailing the conditions under which the marriage of the said husband must take place. It could be one in name only, apparently, for the groom must meet his bride neither before nor after the ceremony. He was, indeed, at once to take up his residence in a certain State and there remain until a divorce was secured. For this, the gentleman in question would receive a bank guarantee that the estate would pay over to him the sum of $5000 on the day of the marriage, and the remaining $25,000 on the day the divorce decree was placed in their hands. The circular continued to state that necessary discretion had to be observed, to obviate undesirable publicity, and that an attorney-at-law would be furnished and all expenses met by the estate; and, also, as a guarantee of good faith, a strictly limited number of photographs of the aforementioned heiress had been made, and these would be forwarded to desirable applicants for the sum of two dollars.

In other words, throughout the length and breadth of America, prosaic souls, sober and workaday spirits, never dreaming they were nursing a suppressed and Vesuvian sense of romance, were to rain in their foolish dollars by the hundreds, by the thousands, and the Black Company, having waxed fat on the fruits of its labor, would disappear from the face of the earth, only to reappear over night in some new city and some new guise.

I rummaged deeper into the safe, but nothing of value or significance met my eye. Then I turned to the cash drawer. There, instead of money, I found a .38-calibre revolver, fully loaded. Thinking things over, I decided to draw its teeth. So I shook out the cartridges, and from the end of each bit away the leaden ball. Then I relimbered the gun and restored it to its place. Then I stood there, wrapped in thought.

Who was the queen of this love syndicate? Who actually was this woman, dangled so alluringly before the eyes of unsuspecting youth and romantic maturity and susceptible old age? That was what I now wanted to find out above all else.

I straightened up and looked about me thoughtfully. I saw, to my surprise, that beads of perspiration were running down my face, that my hands were moist, that the room had grown hot and fetid. The rummage from the safe lay scattered about on the floor in confusion. I looked like a "yegger" interrupted in his work. I crawled into the open safe again, to make sure nothing had escaped me. But my search was unrewarded. All I found was a card with the address of a West Thirty-third Street tailor-shop penciled on it in a woman's handwriting. The face of the card was engraved in script, and merely said:

MRS. ARTHUR WHEELER SWAN,
Kindemare Road.

Thursdays, 2 to 4.

VIII

I SAT down in the chair, contemplating that card, turning it over and over in my fingers.

"Mrs. Arthur Wheeler Swan." It was a goodly part of my duties to be versed in all records of importance that impinged on the Under Groove. And here I had, at last, stumbled on a name that meant something to me—it seemed to clang against memory like a rifle-shot against the bell behind a bull's-eye. It gave me a clew on which to work.

For Mrs. Arthur Swan was the English beauty who had been caught smuggling diamonds on the Cedric, with the stones carelessly tossed into the bottom of a smelling-salts bottle. Instead of sniffing at sal ammoniac she had periodically lifted seventy thousand dollars' worth of Amsterdam cut stones, covered with ammonia, up to her disdainfully pretty nose. That, I remembered, was two years ago. Mrs. Arthur Swan, I also recalled, had been photographed and measured with that scrupulous nicety peculiar to the Bertillon system, and her record had been a subject of newspaper-talk at the time.

I sat looking at the card, contentedly, building up and piecing out that strange biography as well as it was known to the world. At last I had reached some key to the mystery into which I had drifted. This, then, was my sad and perfumed beauty of the closed carriage.

Then, of a sudden, I started up galvanically, for the silence about me was torn by a terrifying peal of sound. It wasn't until I had leaped to my feet that I realized it was the telephone bell at my back. I looked about the room in dismay. Then I looked at my watch. It was already eleven. Then I guardedly took up the receiver and listened, without speaking.

"Hello! Are you there?" I heard a cautious and muffled voice asking.

It was the woman of the carriage.

"Hello!" I answered. "Yes, I'm waiting here."

"What are you doing?" I thought I detected a note of suspicion in the query. It was caused, perhaps, by my delay.

I glanced around at the room apprehensively, as though the instrument before me had the additional gift of sight.

"I'm reading an evening paper for the third time!" I answered, forcing a laugh.

"I'm sorry to be so long," answered the distant voice, in a more intimate whisper, "but I've been held here. They are just letting me go!"

"I'll wait," I told her, as I heard her murmur of gratitude over the wire. Then a warning thought came to me.

"Will you be alone?" I queried as casually as possible.

"Quite alone," she answered.

(Continued on Page 24)

One, Two, Three, Four, Five Times She Pulled the Trigger

LICORICE-LEGS

"They Give Me the Dashers from Two Ice-Cream Freezers to Lick!"

How He Met the Crisis and Made Good with the Gang

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

WHEN Gumdrop first saw Licorice-legs it so happened that circumstances had made him peculiarly sympathetic. The usually serene Gumdrop had been driven by barbed allusions to his face and figure to sulk in a sunny angle of the schoolhouse wall. Thus brooding, his gaze fell upon the new boy, Licorice-legs. It was the new boy's first day at school, but already the name had settled upon him with fatal aptness. As a descriptive title it was nothing less than inspired, but as a name the new boy felt it to be damning. Outwardly, he maintained a grand indifference. He stood not far from Gumdrop, with persecutors thick about him. When they cast asperaions upon the place he came from and the shape of his legs, the new boy hopped a bit over the gravel to show them that his heart was light. They pressed nearer. Suddenly, he spun about on one leg like a top; his outstretched arm spun with him and the back of his hand hit Scrappy Dooligan smartly upon the windpipe!

There was a gasp of utmost astonishment from the persecutors. Scrappy Dooligan choked and staggered back upon his henchmen. For an instant, he was stunned; then a blubber of rage and pain broke from him. He flung his arms about wildly, but he advanced no foot toward the new boy, who stood staring at him with an inscrutable look in his black eyes.

Scrappy's followers waited for the anger of their chief to alight upon and consume Licorice-legs; but Scrappy caressed his windpipe and thought rapidly.

In the mean time, the new boy walked away. With his turning back his persecutors recovered their eloquence. They taunted him with his legs, his parentage and his "smarty" ways, and they informed him that they'd "fix" him in the near future.

Licorice-legs walked into the schoolhouse. As they filed after him, Gumdrop brought up the rear. He had acquired an Idea. All the afternoon his moonlike face was creased with thought whenever he glanced at the new boy. After school he followed him home—at a non-committal distance. He saw Licorice-legs fling himself upon his side porch, and then he left him, to appear, presently, at the back fence. He had a partially consumed wedge of pie in one hand and a segment of cold suet pudding in the other. Having assured himself that the side porch was not conspicuous from the street, and that the new boy looked at him mildly, he squeezed through a gap in the fence.

"Hello!" said Licorice-legs.

"Hello!" said Gumdrop.

There followed an intimate silence while Gumdrop finished his pie and suet pudding. Then, without preliminaries, Gumdrop delivered himself of his Idea.

"Say," he asked earnestly, "did you hit Scrappy Dooligan *on purpose?*"

A change came over the face of Licorice-legs. He glared at his caller. But there was something disarming in the pink expanse of Gumdrop's face; treachery could not hide therein. The new boy felt his backbone relax.

"No," he sighed; "it was an accident. He just happened to be there when I whirled around."

"Gee!" breathed Gumdrop. "That's what I thought, but none of the rest of 'em are on to it, and what they're goin' to do to you is a plenty!"

Licorice-legs winced. "Aw!" he said, "I ain't afraid—anyway, I wouldn't be if I was Scrappy Dooligan's size. It ain't fair," he continued bitterly, "to make fun of a feller's legs. He can't help 'em!"

"No, ner his fat!" chimed Gumdrop. "I'd just as lief be called Nipper er Ginger er Shootin' George, but Gumdrop I *hate!*"

"It ain't as bad as Licorice-legs," soothed the new boy.

"Aw, I dunno!" sighed Gumdrop, his Cupid's bow of a mouth drooping.

"I'm not going to stand for it!" flared the new boy suddenly.

Gumdrop stared in alarm. "You'll have to, you know. When the gang names a feller he's got to take it."

"I won't!" said the new boy, standing up on his thin legs. "Napoleon Bonaparte was small, an' no gang ever named *him!* I'll make 'em take it back—I'll—— Say, if you'll stick to me——"

"Aw, no!" cried Gumdrop, edging toward the fence. "I'm one of the gang an' they'd lick the stuffin' out o' me! I got to go home now, but I'll come over again when none of the fellers is around."

Licorice-legs watched his craven exit through the fence, and then sat down in bitter meditation. He had never felt so overwhelmingly alone before. His mother came out and offered him a ginger cake. She seemed worlds away from him. A friendly dog squeezed under the gate; the violet and gold of sunset fell athwart the world; Molly in the kitchen put on the waffle-irons with an alluring rattle—— Nothing mattered; he was alone! Alone, with a gang against him!

Here was no difficulty which father could help him out of with advice; mother would be all sympathy—but what did she know of gangs? As for the one boy in town who had given him the word of a man and brother—he was a pink-faced, fat poltroon! Licorice-legs liked that word—poltroon. He had come across it some time before, but hitherto no occasion had fitted it. It stirred him out of his revery like a fighting call. His legs might not be all that legs should be, but he was no poltroon!

He ate his supper in fierce silence. When mother had lighted the lamp in the library, he curled his legs into a big chair and opened his Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Whatever the new boy lacked in nether limb was made up to him in forehead. It was a bulging and promising forehead; his eyes beneath it were black and brilliant. Always, when he read about the Little Corporal, they grew large and sparks of fire came in them.

That night, when his mother had reminded him twice of bedtime and he had said good-night with his absent eyes looking through and around his parents, father said to mother that she let him read too much.

"He'll grow up a little prig," he said. "He ought to play and get into scrapes like other boys." Licorice-legs' father sighed as he took up his paper.

And all the time Licorice-legs was undressing for bed with battle and revenge burning within him. He'd show the gang and Scrappy Dooligan the sort of stuff he was made of! He'd show them it wasn't *legs* that counted! Here he caught sight of his own in all their inadequacy.

The martial fire died within him. He crawled sadly into bed. He was not a coward—of that he was passionately certain; but, as he lay in bed, his body shook and shrank at the thought of being hurt. In a burst of rage he pounded his pillow with a thin fist. He was not afraid—he was *not* afraid; . . . and then he shivered with the remembrance of Scrappy Dooligan's brawny arm.

The awakening in the morning was worse. Usually he struggled up from a deep well of sleep with blithe interest in the new day. But, now, an omnipresent Trouble waited for him. It reached out for him even across the borderland of dreams; it smote him before he could brush the cobwebs from his eyes. The thought of Scrappy and the gang stood at his bedside as if it had waited there all night in order to seize him betimes in the morning.

He wondered as he dressed if this was the day when they would fix him and in what manner they would do it.

On the Moonlighted Knoll a Painted Figure Danced

Nevertheless, he walked briskly to school. His black eyes were unwinking as he returned the glances of the gang. They did not fix him that day or the next. They continued to hail him by his opprobrious nickname; they walked on the opposite side of the street and taunted him, but that was all. They were waiting for Scrappy to devise a proper punishment for the upstart newcomer who had insulted him.

And Scrappy hesitated. He had punished and put in their places many intruders, but Licorice-legs was a new kind to him. When the new boy folded his arms and lowered his head to stare at his enemy he looked so uncommonly queer! He was all forehead and eyes. Scrappy had to look at his legs before he could manage a proper sneer. Every time he decided to lay in wait for Licorice-legs at the next corner his windpipe began to tingle reminiscently, and he put off fixing him until the next day.

Thus a week passed, and the new boy's fate still rested with the brawny Dooligan. It was an unhappy time for Licorice-legs. Every night he shivered at the thought of what might happen to him on the morrow, and every morning he awoke in the embrace of his familiar Trouble. But worst of all was the loneliness. To walk home from school like a pariah, on the wrong side of the street, to sit gloomily on the steps of his side porch and watch the gang playing Indian in a near-by vacant lot, was gall and wormwood to a sociable soul. Some of the smaller boys at school would have accepted him gladly, but they were lesser fry—he had only one aching desire, and that was to be a member, in honorable standing, of the gang.

As he remarked bitterly one day to Gumdrop, who had squeezed through the back fence for a few minutes' communion with his fellow-sufferer: "Why, I ain't used to it! In Schenectady I had a gang of my own. It was a bully gang, too. It could 'a' licked your gang with one hand tied behind. And my gang never put a mean name on a new feller, either."

Gumdrop coughed deprecatingly. "That's Scrappy," he explained. "He does the naming. And it's Scrappy that's got it in for you, Lick! He's had a grouch ever since you whacked him on the windpipe."

Licorice-legs grinned, and then spat contemptuously. "I tell you what!" he exclaimed, "I believe Scrappy's a coward!"

Gumdrop looked horrified.

"Well, I bet you," persisted Licorice-legs. "I bet a feller could scare him easy." He looked musingly over the vacant lot to where, in a bit of timber-land bordering the river, the gang had built themselves a little cabin. A blood-curdling war-cry came from its vicinity.

"Indians!" said Licorice-legs, bitter with longing. "Why, I bet you Scrappy and the whole gang would cut and run if they as much as *smelt* a real Indian!"

"Mebbe they would," said Gumdrop dubiously

"I'd like to see 'em run," mused Licorice-legs—and became aware that from the wish a bold inspiration had sprung. Little flecks of fire came into his black eyes.

"Gum," he said solemnly, "if you'll stick to me, we'll scare the life out of 'em. . . ."

Gumdrop started back. "Me? Aw, no! I don't want to get the gang down on *me*!"

"You won't, honest," pleaded Licorice-legs. "We'll just show the gang that Scrappy's a coward, that's all. Why, it'll—it'll amuse 'em, Gum!"

He fixed the unwilling Gumdrop with his glowing eyes. "Now look-a-here! I've got a dandy scheme."

He proceeded to unfold it in spite of his companion's evident lack of enthusiasm. At the end, Gumdrop rose and edged toward the fence.

"We're goin' to have flannel-cakes for supper. I got-a go," he said.

Licorice-legs followed him. "Aw, wait, Gumdrop!" he pleaded. "I tell you what I'll do. You remember that butternut cake we had the other day?" Gumdrop's small eyes brightened. "Well, I'll get Molly to make another to-morrow, an' I'll give you a big piece of it if you'll stick to me."

Gumdrop considered. "Make it two hunks," he said, "and I'll do it."

The bargain was closed. Next morning Molly, in the kitchen, started at the sound of an uncanny wail which echoed through the house. Her mistress smiled.

"It's only Alonzo and the fat, little boy from next door playing Indians in the garret," she said. "It's the first time Alonzo has seemed like himself since we left Schenectady." She held up two red flannel bands. "I'm making them some head-dresses out of hens' feathers."

"That fat, little boy's got his nerve all with him," snorted Molly. "He sez to me this mornin' that *he* likes *his* cake with plenty of butternuts in it!"

"How odd!" said Alonzo's mother. Alonzo's father, who once lived in the West, had stopped after breakfast to help with a tomahawk, and had given Alonzo a lesson in war-whoops. In fact, the whole house seemed to brighten under Alonzo's returning interest in life. At supper that night he was too excited to eat. He dragged his father away from his second cup of tea to help him with his war-paint, and, when the last touches had been added, he looked at himself in the mirror with keen satisfaction. He was indeed a terrifying figure of a Red Man. Father had achieved a realistic success with the paint-box, and mother had lent him a scarlet and yellow couch-cover for a blanket.

As he stole across the yard in the moonlight his very shadow had a thrill in it. The feathers of his head-dress cast a sinister reflection before him and his wooden tomahawk was very lifelike.

In a shadowy corner of the vacant lot he waited for Gumdrop. As the minutes slipped by, misgivings damped his spirits. Gumdrop did not come. The field lay all silvery in the moonlight; across it the fringe of wood arose dark against the sky. Just within that wood were the cabin and the gang. Should his darling enterprise come to naught because his one follower had cravenly failed him?

He began to creep forward, choosing the shadow of the fence. At the edge of the wood he came to a stop behind a big fir tree. He could see the little, lighted window of the cabin and hear the voice of Scrappy. Inside him the new boy began to shiver and shrink. But it never occurred to him to turn and run home. He crept nearer, to the top of a knoll which enabled him to look through the window into the cabin. Never did Paradise look more alluring to the wanderer outside its gates. They had a real fire there in the cabin; they had seats made to suit the individual tastes of the gang; there was the hide of a black-and-white calf on the floor, and Reddy Jones' father's old desk stood in a corner.

"Will You Ever Call Me Licorice-Legs Again? Will You? Hey?"

As Licorice-legs gazed his heart melted with longing. What would he not have given to walk inside and take his seat among them? But Scrappy Dooligan sat enthroned on the black-and-white calf's skin; the new boy shivered without.

"I'll bet," said Licorice-legs, to hearten himself—"I'll bet he's an awful coward." Then, he gave his gaudy blanket a hitch about his waist, settled his feathers, and, crouching behind a bush on the knoll, cleared his throat.

The boys in the cabin heard first a long wail which seemed to come from across the river. They were stricken in their seats. The sound came nearer. It rose slowly to a hair-raising call at their very door. They sprang to their feet, questioning each other with staring eyes. Licorice-legs could see them looking wildly from one to another, and he felt the joy of an artist in the success of his vocal efforts. He rose to his feet and began to ki-yi horribly. He could see that the boys expected their chief to investigate. Also, he was aware that Scrappy hung back.

He stopped his war-cry. The boys opened the door and Scrappy stepped unwillingly outside.

Instantly, there smote his straining eyes and ears a sight and sound unnerving. On the moonlighted knoll a painted figure danced, waving a tomahawk and ki-yi-ing dreadfully. Scrappy Dooligan made one moan of terror; then he ran. Unfortunately for Scrappy, home lay past that knoll. As he neared it a strange thing happened in the heart of the Indian who danced thereon. He did not know that Scrappy was headed for home. To all intents and purposes he was about to scale the knoll and fight him. And what did the Indian do? He ran to meet him. Even while his too-civilized legs shook for fear, something awoke within him and compelled him to combat. His tomahawk and blanket were cast off. When he sprang upon his enemy he was like a charged wire. Scrappy, bulky but nerveless, went down before him.

In that glorious moment, Licorice-legs came into his own. He felt as if he could tackle the gang and chant a pæan of thanks as he did so. He was emancipated from fear. As he ground his knee into Scrappy's chest he reverted to his type.

"You take it back, Scrappy Dooligan," he hissed. "Will you ever call me Licorice-legs again? Will you? Hey?"

Scrappy instinctively reached for his enemy's legs. They coiled about him like lively serpents. The new boy fought with a fiery ardor which paralyzed Scrappy. He relaxed his hold and blubbered for mercy.

"Am I Licorice-legs? Am I?" demanded the victor.

"No, oh, no! you ain't!" declared Scrappy hastily.

The new boy got off his chest. "Well, then, that's all for this time," he said grandly. He turned to the boys who stood at the door of the cabin in amazed silence. "That's a nice shanty you've got there," he remarked sociably.

"W-w-won't you come in?" one of them replied.

"Why, I don't care if I do," he responded, and they all trooped in again.

It was even nicer inside than it had appeared to be to the lone Indian as he stood on his knoll. It smelt deliciously of drying muskrat skins and hickory nuts and sulphuric acid, which Reddy Jones had been using in an experiment. The new boy drew a long breath of happiness.

"It's a bully shanty," he said. The gang glowed under his praise. They pointed out to him all their treasures. There was a tactful avoidance of any reference to the past. Freed from the restraint of Scrappy, who had wended his way homeward, they demonstrated that they knew the way to treat a guest from Schenectady. Half an hour later, when they all left the cabin together, it was significant that they allowed him to lock the door and hang the key on a secret nail in a hollow tree. The new boy was one of them at last.

As they clattered together down the street toward home, a figure emerged from the door of Maccabee Hall. It was Gumdrop, wiping his mouth.

"Hi, Gumdrop!" they hailed him. "Where you been?"

"Been to a chicken-pie supper," he replied. The satisfaction of a perfect meal faded from his face as he caught the new boy's eye. He edged along beside him. "I couldn't come—honest," he whispered appealingly. "They give me the dashers from two ice-cream freezers to lick!"

"Pig!" said Licorice-legs—not so very scornfully, because he was too happy. He turned in at his own gate. Reddy Jones called out from across the street:

"Hi, Licky; see you to-morrow!"

And the new boy ran joyously up the steps. Licky! That was something *like* a name!

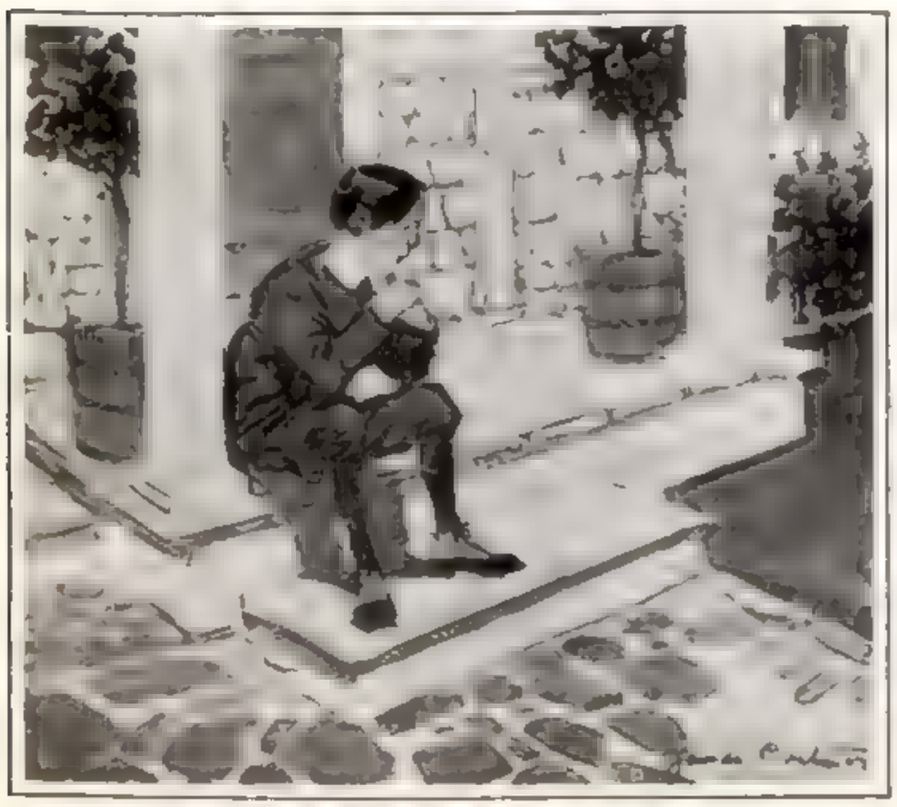
So Circumscribed is Fame

WHEN President McKinley made his trip to California, Secretaries Hay and Wilson went along.

Mrs. McKinley's illness made it imperative for the President to hurry to San Francisco, and the Cabinet members were left behind to fill in at places where speeches were to be made.

They came to Santa Barbara, where there was a large crowd. Mr. Hay explained the President's absence and went on to say: "But we have a good substitute. I refer to Secretary Wilson, who is skilled in all the things you people of Santa Barbara should know about. He knows all about trees. In fact, I consider Secretary Wilson ——"

"Aw," said a man in the crowd, "that's all right about Wilson, but who the deuce are you?"



To Sit Gloomily on the Steps . . .

. . . and Watch the Gang Playing was Gall and Wormwood

PUTTING ON A PLAY

The Players Do Not Like to See the Author "Out in Front"

The Superfluous Playwright, Busy Stage-Manager, Contemptuous Actors and—the Production

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

AUTHOR OF THE STOLEN STORY

THE first blow to fall upon the unsuspecting head of the new playwright is, in some ways, the worst of all—reading his play to the company. It is said that some experienced dramatists enjoy this ordeal. If so, it only shows that there is no more accounting for playwrights' tastes than for the public's. Most authors dodge the issue, if they can; the trouble is that, in most cases, they can't. One well-known New York manager accomplishes his fell design upon the novitiate by sending him a message to call at the office on such and such a date—"urgent." So the innocent author turns up, wondering what is the matter and feeling rather important. He is led by the hand into a long room full of actors and actresses sitting in the hushed, expectant attitude of people gathered for the reading of a will. The door is locked behind him and the manuscript of his play is shoved into his hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announces the heartless stage-manager, "this is Mr. Robinson, who will read you his play."

Every one looks at Mr. Robinson, at his face, his feet, and the manuscript shaking in his hands.

Now, it is bad enough to read anything aloud to anybody—for those whose trade it is to write—but when it is a thing of your own, and a play at that (in the jerky, broken lines of modern stage dialogue, with the names of the characters to pronounce before each speech, which interrupts the flow of action), and, worst of all, to read it to a roomful of people who have made a life-study of reading lines—well, it seems so humorously presumptuous that Mr. Robinson is away beyond embarrassment; it appeals to him as too funny for stage-fright. So he shamelessly mumbles off scene after scene in a monotonous voice like a broker's clerk reading off the market report.

Helping the Cough-Drop Trade

PERHAPS the object of this stupid proceeding is to show the company how *not* to read their lines. That seems to the perspiring playwright the only purpose that is accomplished, except, perhaps, also to help the cough-drop trade. I know an author who found at the end of the afternoon that he had devoured three boxes of lozenges, making an average of a box per act. He has never been given to cough-drops since.

Nevertheless, though the reader may not see it, the reading is a good thing. Even if it does not show the players how to speak their parts, it at least shows them the relation of all the parts to one another and to the whole. It gives them the complete story, once for all. The conscientious actor would, of course, take pains to listen and find this out during the rehearsals; but there are others who have been known to play in a piece an entire season without knowing or caring what it's all about. They think only of their own parts, and grumble because they are not better; they come on at their cues, repeat their lines, perform their stage business according to instruction, and then hurry back to their dressing-rooms to smoke and curse the management and author for not appreciating a real artist when they see one.

At the end of the reading, while the author is trying to break out of the room, and the players—not thinking about him at all—are all trying to tell one another at the same time that they haven't had such an insignificant part in ever so many years, the stage-manager raps on the table for silence and gives the call for the first rehearsal: "To-morrow morning at eleven o'clock; Wallack's Theatre."

Now, if the playwright prefers to save himself a month of worry and disillusionment, he disappears at this point and does not show up again until the time arrives for the dress-rehearsal.

A man who has had great experience in putting on plays once told me that an author may consider himself very fortunate if he gets fifty per cent. of his mental conception across the footlights.

But it is so hard to keep away. It is like a young father. He knows he is not wanted in the nursery, he is perfectly willing to admit that the nurse and doctor have had infinitely more experience in handling babies—but, after all, whose child is this, anyway?

As a matter of fact, no one should go into the theatrical business, any more than he should go into matrimony, unless he can stand a certain amount of worry and disillusionment. That is a part of the game, and it is all good fun if he doesn't take it too seriously. So, if the playwright can bear up under the cutting of an occasional fine passage with which he had expected to charm a patiently waiting world, he would do well to attend rehearsals pretty regularly. If he is tactful and will remember that he is merely the father of the play, and not also the mother and the nurse and the doctor, they are glad to have him there to explain the intention of lines and the significance of the scenes. But unless he has had considerable experience he should leave to the others the problem of how to get the intention and significance over the footlights. If he is a wise author, he will provide in his contract that all cutting and alteration shall be done by his own hand, but the trouble with many of them is that they consider every proposed alteration a disfigurement.

"Look the Way You Do Now," Whispers the Comedian in the Wings

It gives an odd sensation the first time you drop in to see how things are progressing. Here are a dozen or twenty men, women and children in their street clothes, reciting your lines and following your stage directions; gesticulating, scowling, embracing—all quite as much in earnest about it as if their lives depended upon it, as in most cases they do. But you, somehow, had not counted upon their taking it so seriously. It produces a guilty feeling of having put a number of obliging people to a great deal of trouble, and at first one feels inclined to run and hide in the property-room before they accuse him of having perpetrated a practical joke upon the whole crowd.

The Missing Duchess

THOSE who are off stage, waiting for their cues, sit in the wings, reading the Daily Telegraph, doing fancy-work, or, as is more frequently the case, exchanging the gossip of Broadway. One of the ladies is pacing up and down studying her part in a rounded undertone and gesticulating with the hand not employed holding the manuscript. She is so absorbed that she does not hear her cue.

"Duchess! Duchess! Where's that Duchess!" shouts the stage-manager.

"Your cue, dear!" calls some one near by.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried the Duchess, running on excitedly, and then proceeds to act like a duchess, more or less.

The stage-manager, prompt-book in hand, sits in front telling the players how to do it. "That's a tricky scene—perhaps we'd better run over it again," he will say, tactfully avoiding to mention that it is done all wrong. "And this time," he adds, as if it were an afterthought, "suppose we try it *this* way, just to see how it works out," and then proposes a treatment of the scene quite different from the conception of the players.

By day, with the footlights turned off, the scenery removed and the drops raised, the stage is a great, barn-like place, lined with dust and disillusionment—but very interesting withal, like so many disillusionments. Far overhead, on the paint-bridge, the scenic artist and his assistant are industriously working away on the sets for the forthcoming production, painting with brushes as big as Tom Sawyer's whitewash brush, and using a palette which runs on wheels. "Out in front," as the auditorium is called by those "behind," charwomen are quietly sweeping and dusting along the dark, deserted rows of seats in a most businesslike manner, as much as to say: "Go on with your spouting—you don't disturb us."

During the first week of rehearsals, provided they have plenty of weeks at command for the production,

"Ah, but, My Darling, the Thing I Love About You Most of All is—er—ah—— I Never Can Remember that Line"

the players literally read their lines—they do not speak them. They merely "walk through their parts," as the saying goes, in order to "rough the scenes out" and get the "mechanics"—that is, the movements and relative positions of the players. The layman is likely to think that learning the words is the chief thing. That is the easiest feature of the job. The difficult thing is not what to say, but how to say it, and where, and when, and with what accompanying stage business. In scenes of intense action, calling for quick delivery and cut cues, as they call interruptions, it requires days and weeks of practice to make perfect; whereas long scenes of quiet conversation can often be learned at a few hours' notice.

It is interesting to observe the different characteristics of a company. As a rule, women are more often "quick studies" than men, but the latter are more adept at faking up lines of their own when they forget the author's; for, as in most fields of endeavor, women are more conscientious workers, while men show more initiative.

Of course, during actual performances, once a line is missed there is no turning back, as one may do in reading a book; it's gone, and they have to make the best of it. Some players are very clever at recovering a situation, and some of them are as helpless as children forgetting a piece at school.

Once, during a certain performance, one of the players a capital actor, but of the sort who become disconcerted even at seeing an unfamiliar necktie on the stage, "went up in the air," for some unknown reason, when it came his cue to ask a certain question quite vital to the scene and to the plot of the story. The prompter, as it happened, was in the wing across the stage from the helpless player, too far away to be heard without shouting in a voice which would carry across the footlights. There was a dreadful pause. The author, in the audience, felt like sinking through the floor. But just then the other man on the stage, the one "playing opposite," as the phrase goes, arose to the occasion by remarking in a most natural manner, quite as if it were one of the lines he had rehearsed and played for weeks: "Sir, I see you hesitate; you wish to ask me a question?"

"I do," replied the other, coming to himself again. "I wish to inquire"—and went on with his lines as usual.

They Liked it Anyhow

ON ANOTHER occasion, the opening night in a Western city, the fly-man at the local theatre, whose duty was to lower the curtain, became so much absorbed in the performance that he left his post, and was gazing down from the bridge upon the stage when the "ring down" signal came. The signal was repeated. Still no curtain. He was out of hearing. It was agonizing. The players behaved nobly; all held their positions as if posing for a theatrical photograph. The pause seemed like years. Finally the fly-man, perceiving that nothing more of interest seemed likely to take place in that act, decided to lower the curtain, to the infinite relief of the now panic-stricken actors. When the curtain finally reached the boards with a bump the stage-manager made a dash for that fly-man, emitting words which it would not be proper to print. But his emphatic remarks were drowned out and his dash halted by a tumult of applause from the other side of the curtain. The audience seemed to like the long pause. Apparently they considered it some new-fashioned climax from New York.

Rehearsals, however, are not so formal or momentous. When the actors forget, they say, for instance, "Ah, but, my darling, the thing I love about you most of all is—er—ah—what in thunder is it I love about you most of all? I never can remember that line."

"Oh, get your part and read it," shouts the stage-manager. "It's time you were letter-perfect. Don't you realize we open next Monday?" And if it's a man he may be sworn at to make him realize.

Dealing Gently with the Players

THE day of the brutal stage-manager, however, is, fortunately, rapidly passing. There was a time when you might hear them say to a woman, "D—n you, dearie, put more tenderness in that line," which must have been rather hard to do under the circumstances. But nowadays most of the best stage-managers are gentle and considerate with the players, men and women alike. Their corrections are put more in the form of suggestions. "A conference of artists," as I once heard Mr. Bronson Howard say, "produces far better results than the martinet method." For actors are the most sensitive people in the world; they are like children, and need sympathy and encouragement quite as much as firmness. There are very few who will not work themselves to exhaustion if they see that you believe in them.

As a rule, the players do not like to see the author "out in front," either at rehearsals or during a performance. They look upon authors as a necessary nuisance, like the fathers of babies; but they do not sympathize with their desire to hang around. It isn't merely because authors are apt to have absurd prejudices in favor of their own

Those Who are Off Stage, Waiting for Their Cues, Sit in the Wings, Doing Fancy-Work

lines rather than those which the actor sometimes substitutes; it is because authors are quite often unreasonable and desire subtle effects which it is quite impossible for any human being to get over the footlights. A certain well-known novelist once wrote a play which contained a stage direction somewhat like this: "Enter Mrs. Brown in the manner of one who has just had a cup of tea."

One day, at the first matinée of a new play, the author was requested by the management to sit in one of the boxes, in order to get a good view of the matinée girls' faces during the love-scenes, so that he might ascertain whether or not this element of the play registered. Now, people in boxes can be clearly seen by players on the stage, and there was a passage in the first act in regard to which the author had made frequent "suggestions" to the leading lady, who took them very kindly. "There is plot in that speech. You must get it over—good and loud," he said. The old aunt of the story was supposed to be sounding the young heroine's attitude toward the noble hero, and the girl was supposed to reply, "Why, nonsense, Auntie; Mr. Jones merely interests me." But just as she arrived at that point in the dialogue she happened to catch the eye of Mr. Robinson, the author, who nearly fell out of his seat at hearing his heroine declare, good and loud: "Why, nonsense, Auntie; Mr. Robinson merely interests me." After that the author swore off sitting in boxes.

When the carpenter and the scene-painter and the property-man have finished their respective parts in the

(Continued on Page 30)

The Stage is a Great, Barnlike Place, Lined with Dust and Disillusionment

A TRACE OF POISON

By ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

Life was Hard to Her

"IT'S better than a gold mine! With the old factory we made last year twenty per cent.; with the new factory, what with all the advertising we've been doing and agencies started all over, we ought to clear thirty per cent. on our *new* capitalization."

The fat young man drew out a large, white handkerchief and wiped his broad brow, on which the perspiration had started beneath the line of coarse, black hair. His enthusiasm for the prospects of the Aerine Company had warmed him, and he found the chemist's little box of a private laboratory stifling. Throwing back his fur coat he hitched forward in his chair toward the bench where the chemist sat dangling his legs and eying dubiously a round, blue bottle, with a decorative, silver-gilt label that bore in bold letters the name AERINE.

"That's the formula," the visitor said, pointing with a pudgy finger to the printed wrapper. "We got the thing from an old doc up in my home town. He'd used the prescription all his life, and the druggists up there got so they put it up and sold it over the counter. I saw there was big money in it, and when I was up home last I gave the old doc some stock for the formula. It was such a winner from the start that I decided to enlarge the company—got Hurson interested in it. You know Hurson—Billy Hurson—an Alpha Delt man, too. I guess you must have seen him 'round here some?"

The chemist nodded. "Eighty-eight, a lawyer?"

"That's the one: Hurson, Roper & Henderson, a high-toned firm. Well, they organized the company, and Hurson took a block of stock and so did Roper. Hurson is the treasurer. So you see we've got a good crowd behind Aerine."

The chemist knew that his visitor was now coming to the point, and shifted his attention from the bottle to the fat face.

"We're looking for a chemist, some one with a position and a name, to go on the board of directors. I thought of you at once." The young man glanced about the dingy little laboratory and out to the snowy campus across which black files of students were slowly passing from hall to hall. "Gee!" he exclaimed genially. "Takes me back ten years—same old game. Prex still talking about the privileges of the educated man? All the privileges I ever found was the privilege to hike for the dollar the same as the next fellow! Well, what do you say? Hurson and I talked it over coming in this morning he lives out where I do at Edgemere—we thought five thousand would be the right salary for the chemist, and you could take some stock—pay for it as you could, you know."

The chemist's white face flushed with color, but he said nothing, and the young man continued glibly:

"'Twouldn't take much of your time, you understand; wouldn't interfere with your work here, of course. What we want is your name, see? It's just a clean piece of velvet—a neat, little side-show, same as it is for Hurson and Roper."

He laid his hand sympathetically on the chemist's knee.

"It's good of you to think of me," the chemist stammered in response.

"We *want* you, man. Do you remember," he continued irrelevantly, "that ninety-five Thanksgiving game with Eureka? That was a great kick of yours, Milly. I'll never forget the feeling in my tum-tums when the pigskin went sailing between the poles. It meant seventy-five to me, and that was a good deal of money then. Do you get out to see the boys often?"

The chemist shook his head, murmuring:

"I've been pretty busy—wife isn't well——"

"You are married? I'd forgotten. Married that pretty little Sigma girl! Well, will you come down to Hurson's office to-morrow morning? There's a directors' meeting, and I want you to meet our men."

"You'll want me to sign the analysis, I suppose?" the chemist demanded abruptly.

"Oh, sure; but that needn't worry you. This isn't any fake medicine concern. We're manufacturers of an established article, like cod-liver oil. The Aerine Company is straight as a string, you understand, or Hurson and the others wouldn't be in it."

The fat young man buttoned up his coat and drew out his gloves. The chemist fingered the bottle, saying with hesitation:

"I'd like to make the analysis first, if you don't mind."

"Of course."

There was, however, a sense of chill in the air, as if the chemist had not responded to his chance with all the alacrity that might have been expected. But after a moment the fat man extended his hand cordially.

"You'll find it as described in the ad. Well, then, nine sharp to-morrow at Hurson's office. So long, Milly!" He hurried into the hall, and presently reappeared on the steps beneath beside a large motor. The chauffeur, who had been slapping his arms to keep warm, hastily hopped into the car, and the fat young man, settling himself beneath a fur robe, surveyed the quiet college campus with an air of interested complacency, as the machine leapt into the roadway and fled cityward with a mellow horn note.

Six Years Before, at the June Commencement

The chemist, who had watched his visitor from the window, turned back to the laboratory bench with a reflection that "Lazy" Lammers always had been a "high roller," from the days when he kept a horse and buggy for his private use and the other fraternity men contented themselves with the humble bicycle. After looking into the general laboratory where there was a bustle of forty students working at the benches, he came back to his private den and picked up the gaudy bottle of Aerine. The flush that Lammers' offer had brought had not completely died out of his pale face. Uncorking the bottle, he muttered, "Let's see what sort of rats' poison Aerine is," and turned to a glass case that contained his private apparatus. Shoving into a drawer some loose sheets that were covered with scribbled formulas, records of an elaborate series of private experiments, he prepared to make the analysis of the liquid in the Aerine bottle. While he was in the midst of this the door opened and a little man with a round, cheerful face called out, "Hello, Miller! Busy?" He walked unconcernedly to the bench, holding a letter in his hand, and seeing the Aerine bottle picked it up and smelt of it.

"So that's that new panacea for nerves they're advertising in ten-foot letters?"

The younger chemist unconsciously squirmed at Professor Ronald's contemptuous tone. The laboratory prided itself on keeping clear of "commercial" entanglements, at least since Ronald had been at its head. Professor Ronald, it happened, had married a woman with a considerable fortune, and was not warmly interested in the struggles of his subordinates to live on their salaries.

"These people want us to send them a man have you some one in mind? Twenty-five hundred as salary—good job for some youngster." He put down the Aerine bottle and glanced at the letter in his hand.

"I'll think it over." Miller held out his hand for the letter, and Ronald gave it to him, still fingering the bottle.

"Do you do much of this sort of thing?" he inquired coldly.

"It's for a friend—an old Alpha Delt man," Miller explained nervously. "He's president of the company."

Finally Ronald took himself off, and Miller resumed his analysis, which he was able to complete before luncheon. The results verified the printed formula except for a slight variation in the amount of one element. Instead of one grain of berzolide, according to the printed statement, the specimen contained nearly two. But this variation might be due to pure accident. With a sigh Miller locked his door and mingled with the outpouring flood of students. As he turned into the main avenue, he overtook Gerald, the electrical engineer, who was waddling, bag in hand, in the direction of the station as fast as his short legs would permit.

"Must catch the Cross States express," he puffed. "Called to Omaha on a job."

Gerald, it was rumored over the campus, made regularly ten thousand dollars a year as advisory engineer for electrical enterprises, and signed many of those glowing reports that seek to interest the investor in their securities. Miller, keeping step with the waddle, reflected that probably some laboratory "assistant" was to take charge of Gerald's college work while he was absent. And yet Professor Ronald would undoubtedly frown on *his* connection with the Aerine people. Well, it would be worth his while to give up his position in the university, if necessary, rather

than lose the five thousand and the stock. There were many others in the faculty besides Gerald who did work "on the outside," which frequently brought them in more than their salary -Silversmith, of the Economics department, who was a kind of expert accountant, not to mention young Thrasher, of the English department, who wrote textbooks by the ton, and Donne, of the Greek department, who edited a ladies' magazine on Fridays and Saturdays.

"We all have to do it to live," the chemist thought, "or else marry as Ronald did. And the ones who do most of it, like Gerald, are the ones who get on best in the university, anyway."

Gerald's broad back and little bag had already disappeared in a street car when the chemist turned into the hallway of a large flat-building and started upstairs on a run, thinking, "This will alter things for Nell somewhat." Throwing open the yellow pine door he called out boisterously, "Nell, where are you, girl? Something to tell you, Nell! Something's happened."

"I'm in the kitchen, Will," sounded a far-away, tired voice, accompanied by the sizzle of frying fat.

In the kitchen at the other end of the narrow hall a frail, girlish-looking woman, with a loose mass of blond hair wound about her head, was trying to grill some chops over a gas stove. The drip-pan, left full of grease by the last careless servant, had caught on fire, to the alarm of the inexperienced housekeeper, and was filling the flat with heavy smoke. A small girl was clinging to her mother's skirts and crying with fright.

"Can you get this pan out?" the young wife called to the chemist. "The chops are ruined already."

She sank tremblingly into a chair beside the table and bent her head on her folded arms.

"I don't know what else there is for you to eat, Will," she moaned, when her husband had removed the charred chops.

A blue flannel waist, somewhat dingy and worn, was unbuttoned about the neck, revealing the tight cords and thin breast. Six years before, at the June Commencement, when they were engaged, she had been the prettiest girl on the campus, with a delicate, easily flushing skin beneath light, waving hair. The baby, the strain of irregular housekeeping, the grind of making one dollar do the work of two—all this had crushed her. As she watched her husband investigate the burned chops, tears dropped from her eyes.

"Will," she said at last, "I just can't—just can't go on this way. You'll have to let me go back to mother's for a time. It would be better so for you, too."

And pushing the child away she buried her head in her arms. The chemist, giving up the chops as hopeless, wiped his hands on a towel and gazed remorsefully at the frail, bent figure. Somehow, he felt responsible for it all—for the fact that life was hard to her. Six years ago, when she had married him, she had been a gay, flowerlike girl, and in his hands the gayety and the flower bloom had withered away.

"We'll see about that, Nell," he said gently, stroking her averted face. "Come into the dining-room while I eat some bread and milk. I must get back to my lecture. Oh, I had almost forgotten," he added buoyantly, "my news! A piece of luck that will change things."

As he told her about the Aerine offer, it came over him what it would mean to her, all this additional money, and he no longer had any doubt about the amount of berzolide in the analysis. A flush came back to her pallid face—the animation of hope.

"How good that is!" she exclaimed; "and just when it seemed we were at the end of our luck."

With this ringing in his ears he hurried back to the laboratory. The analysis of Aerine was a closed question; he had forgotten the existence of berzolide. Nevertheless, as he passed a drug-store where a number of Aerine bottles were being placed in the window by the druggist, he halted, and, after a moment's hesitation, went in and asked for a bottle of the stuff.

"A fresh lot," the clerk remarked. "It's the newest bracer." He laughed cynically.

Late that afternoon, when he had finished with his classes, the chemist put this new sample through his test-tubes. The result tallied with the former analysis except for the amount of berzolide, which was a whole half-grain larger in this specimen than in the one Lammers had brought in. The chemist frowned, then reached for his desk telephone, and called up Von Steier, of the medical school.

"Tell me about berzolide," he demanded abruptly. "Yes, I know what it is. I want to know what its medical properties are. Acts on the heart? Indeterminate, did you say? Is it dangerous—a—a—poison?"

And Von Steier's thick tone came back through the instrument: "It is not a thing to use unless you know. Poison? Yes, if the dose is enough."

When the chemist had hung up the receiver he sat in grim thought. The door opened and Ronald entered, tiptoeing in a mincing manner.

"Thought of anybody for that job?"

"No," Miller answered curtly.

"What do you think of Bently?"

"He wouldn't take it, would he?"

"He wants to get married," and the head of the laboratory grinned sardonically. Perceiving the fresh bottle of Aerine on the bench he lifted it and twirled it about in his fingers, remarking with a slight sneer, "Still fooling with this pain-killer? What kind of dope do they use?"

That night the chemist's wife, who had revived marvelously since luncheon and was full of plans for their enlarged future, found her husband tired and glum. He went early to bed, remarking that he must get off on the first train to the city in the morning.

II

"WHAT'S that you say?" Hurson demanded roughly as the chemist finished his remarks. "What's berzolide? Poison, did you say?"

He scowled and thrust his bearded jaw forward in the manner he had with witnesses.

"Perhaps that is a strong word," Miller replied. "But berzolide was in the two samples I analyzed, in different quantities."

"Two samples?" Lammers interjected in surprise. He sat at one end of the mahogany table in Hurson's inner office with a mass of typewritten papers before him. His large, fat face gradually assumed an air of hostility.

"Yes; I tried two; bought another sample at a drug-store, a fresh one, and found it contained more berzolide than the other—half a grain more."

"Well, what's the matter with berzolide? Ain't it all right? Don't the doctors use it in their prescriptions?"

"Yes," the chemist admitted. "But it's a dangerous drug. It doesn't act uniformly, you see. It's a powerful heart stimulant, too powerful to use loosely."

"Seems to work all right in Aerine," Lammers retorted sharply.

A pause followed, while Hurson and Lammers studied the shining surface of the table, and Miller fidgeted.

"Well," Lammers finally shot out, "what are we waiting for, anyway? I guess the berzolide or anything else in Aerine won't hurt a mouse. We'd have heard from it before this if it had done any harm."

"Could this uncertain element be omitted? Something else substituted for it?" the lawyer inquired.

Lammers sniffed, and the chemist answered hesitantly: "I am afraid not. I suppose the efficacy of your article depends on just that. If you take it out, or reduce the amount to a minimum, it would be harmless, certainly. But just like so much water."

Lammers snorted, and the chemist added, with a touch of spirit: "I suppose that's why the later specimen contained such an increase of the dose—to make it stronger."

"Is It All Right, Will?"

"I guess we'll run our chances on Aerine just as it is being made," Lammers remarked, and added coarsely, "I take it you don't want the job?"

The chemist's bloodless lips twitched. "I do want the job—the worst way. But I can't sign that analysis as it is now. And I can't stand for using berzolide."

Lammers grunted.

"You can't sign the analysis?" Hurson demanded searchingly.

Miller, not trusting himself to speak, merely shook his head. The lawyer rose from his chair, and with his hands thrust hard into his pockets walked over to the window. Lammers beat a tattoo on his teeth with a metal paper-cutter, and finally jerked out:

"All right, Miller! Sorry you can't see your way to taking the place. We must find somebody else—plenty of men, I guess, and good ones."

He sat up and drew the papers toward him with a jerk, as if to dismiss the chemist. The latter rose awkwardly from his seat and fumbled on the table for his hat. Suddenly Hurson turned and asked the chemist:

"What makes you hesitate? Are you afraid of the law or of scandal?"

Miller shook his head.

"You aren't likely to have trouble so long as you keep the quantity of berzolide down."

"Well, then?"

"Why, as I told you, the thing has a trace of poison in it," the chemist blurted out irascibly; "not enough to harm most cases, to be sure. But with a weak heart, in case of a woman or child, it might mean—murder!"

He grasped his hat, pinching the rim in his tense fingers, and started for the door.

"Rot!" Lammers commented.

The chemist wheeled. "You're taking chances! I won't take them." The lawyer watched him leave the room with thoughtful eyes.

The chemist went from the city to his laboratory—not that he could work in his present state of mind, but he had not the heart to meet the frail, little woman in the flat, who was waiting expectantly his return. She would have to go back to her mother's as she had suggested—a humiliating confession of defeat after their six years' struggle to exist on his salary—at least until he could "do something" to earn more money. The Aerine bottle was lying on the bench where Ronald had laid it. Miller chucked it hastily into the box of waste, where it fell with a crash among broken test-tubes and turned upward its brazen, silver-gilt face. Then he got out the sheets of his private experiments. It would take another year to complete the investigation, and when finished it would bring him a brief notice in the journals—just one of those unostentatious bricks in the vast fabric of Science. He could not afford to go on with it.

"Have you thought of the right man for those Plano people?" Ronald inquired, sauntering into the laboratory. "Twenty-five hundred is something."

The Professor lifted the recumbent Aerine bottle with the toe of his shoe and stared at it inquisitively, then at the chemist. There was a mystery here which aroused in him a mild curiosity.

"Twenty-five hundred? Yes, it is a good bit," Miller answered mechanically.

"That's what they offer. I gave you the letter, didn't I?"

The chemist reflected while his superior played with the Aerine bottle.

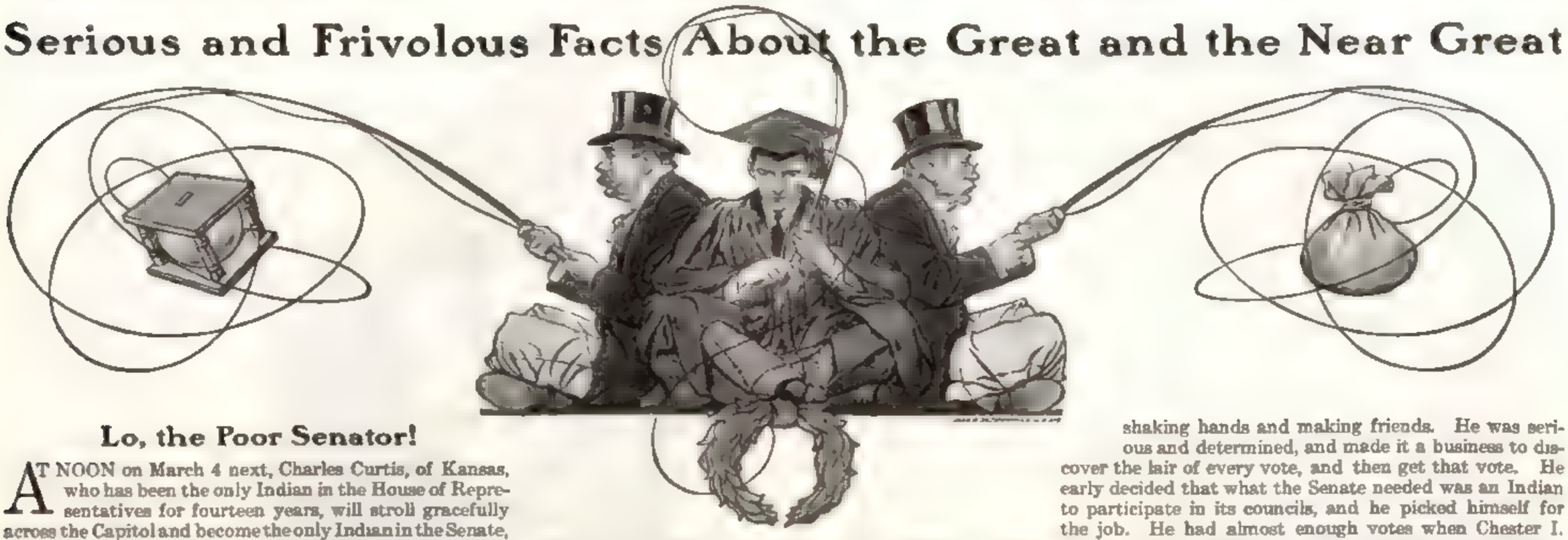
"What did you do with this?" he asked.

(Concluded on Page 31)

"It's Better Than a Gold Mine!"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Lo, the Poor Senator!

AT NOON on March 4 next, Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who has been the only Indian in the House of Representatives for fourteen years, will stroll gracefully across the Capitol and become the only Indian in the Senate, preserving for the guides that portion of their remarks (to those who have a dollar a head for hearing many things about the Capitol and the Congress that will not be recorded in history) that refers feelingly to Curtis as being the "only real American" in Congress. That "only real American" line makes a great hit with the visitors.

Curtis isn't all Indian. He is one-quarter Kaw and three-quarters something else, principally French and English. Still, he is enough Indian to be considered as one by the Government, and to get his allotment of Indian lands for himself and his children. That is the real proof of descent from the aborigines. If an Indian can get his Government allotment he is sure-enough Indian, no matter how little of him is descended from the noble red man of the forest. The Government can follow a strain of Indian blood down to attenuations that would make a homœopathic physician pale green with envy. Thus, it is highly profitable for an Indian to have children, and Curtis has five or six, showing that he is aware of his constitutional and Indian rights, for all the children have been declared in.

Curtis is an Indian in many ways, albeit there are some features of the character of Lo that have been toned down, so to speak, by contact with the precept and practice of politics. He looks like an Indian, a sort of a Fenimore Cooper Indian, because he is tall and straight, and has coal-black hair and a copper-colored complexion and all those Cooper attributes, and does not resemble the pigeon-toed braves that come on from the West every year to see the Great Father in Washington, and spend some of the money which the kind and loving Indian Commissioner gives them.

He was born in Kansas and has lived in Kansas all his life. The Government had not begun giving out the prize packages to its wards when he was a boy, and Curtis had a tough time of it. He was a newsboy, a bootblack, a jockey and drove a hack in Topeka. When he had no fare he read law-books on the seat of the back and, after a time, was admitted to the bar. Then he had easier going, but his struggles did not end until he secured the county attorneyship, which helped some. He served there four years and then came to Congress, and has been there ever since.

Curtis will stay in the Senate until he dies if he wants to. He is one of the most marvelous "mixers" that the West has ever produced, and he isn't the professional-genial kind of a mixer, either. Nobody ever heard him tell a story. He is as devoid of a sense of humor as any and every Indian, but he knows people. He can call every man, woman and child in his district by the first name. He knows pretty nearly everybody in the State, and he intends to make the acquaintance complete within a year or two. That will settle it. He is strong with the farmers now, and he will gather them all in when he gets in contact with all of them as a Senator.

During his fourteen years of Congressional life Curtis has had many fights in Kansas, and has gained the reputation of being the real remorseless, implacable, vengeance-if-I-wait-a-century-for-it Indian. All his friends have pointed to him and said admiringly of him: "Now, there's Charley Curtis. He's an Indian, you know, and he never forgets and he never forgives. Once he gets on your trail he will follow you forever. Oh, he's an Indian all right, all right!"

Curtis cultivated that impression. He went out for some of the political leaders of the State with war-paint on. There was that militant citizen, D. R. Anthony, of Leavenworth, brother of Susan B. Anthony and a fighter who took a rough-and-tumble for choice if offered his pick between that and an easy and peaceful day. Anthony had a favorite pastime of writing pieces in his paper in which he began with the first letter of the alphabet and played the string out on epithets way down to the Z, applying them all to Curtis. Cy. Leland, boss of the Republican party, was another who had a pet aversion to Curtis, and Curtis used to utter a genuine Kaw war-whoop every time anybody mentioned Leland's name to him. The present Senator Long was another. One day, when he was not feeling very well and really wasn't in his best form, Curtis said Long was "a slimy viper in the grass that would stab you in the back." Of course, that was an excited Indian way of putting it, but it went with the Kansas-Curtis people, who applauded and shouted and told the whole world that Curtis was the kind of a citizen they wanted to represent them in Congress.

Curtis wrestled up and down and across with Anthony, and with Leland, and with Long, and with others. He was a fighter sure enough. It was the boast of his friends that he never had learned the meaning of the word "compromise." It wasn't in his vocabulary. Not much.

Representative Charles Curtis
Newly Elected Senator for Kansas

Indian, you know, and relentless as death! Once he put the sign on a man, that man knew he would be followed to his grave by this keen-eyed, fearless man, and had a reasonable certainty that, after his burial, Curtis would be around somewhere to say "Good riddance."

He was Charles Implacable Curtis, with no rebates and no side lines. That's a good reputation to have in Kansas, too, and it fitted in so well with that one-fourth of Kaw that Curtis was constantly in the limelight. He kept on shaking hands and making friends. He was serious and determined, and made it a business to discover the lair of every vote, and then get that vote. He early decided that what the Senate needed was an Indian to participate in its councils, and he picked himself for the job. He had almost enough votes when Chester I. Long was elected in 1903, and his opportunity came when Senator Burton resigned because of a pressing engagement inside a Missouri jail.

They all watched his fight. He was out in the open giving and asking no quarter. It was great. Then one day a rumor crept around that Curtis and young Dan Anthony, old Dan being dead, had buried the hatchet. Kansas wondered and wondered, but thought it impossible that Curtis would compromise anything. Indian, you know, and relentless as death! Pretty soon there came a rumor of an arrangement between Long and Curtis, and the implacable Charles didn't seem so implacable as he had been. His implacability was getting a bit frayed around the edges. Not long afterward the third rumor arrived. It was stated in set terms that Curtis had compromised with Cy. Leland.

Kansas was worried. It was a rude jolt to those Curtis people who had banked on that Indian strain that made it constitutionally impossible for him to leave the trail. Developments showed the stories to be true. Curtis had compromised. Instead of playing politics like an Indian, he was playing like a white man. The power of civilization had won. The one-fourth Kaw had been submerged in the three-quarters something else, and Curtis came to the Senate so easily that it was really no contest at all. Indian blood may tell for a time, but white blood has a louder voice and better opportunities for getting a hearing. That is what happened to Curtis. The relentless relented. He looked out for votes, and he got them. Kansas was grieved, but had to accept the result.

He is going to the Senate with the direct idea of staying there. His Indian blood is conservative, and he likes the place. He will never be a showy Senator. He is forty-seven years old and, barring accidents, ought to be there for twenty or twenty-five years.

That Indian blood! He will never relent, unless he can get an advantage out of it. He will never give up! Those Kaw characteristics are so marked! Still, there are occasions when the Kaw part of the Kaw-Curtis combination can be put discreetly in the background and the white part brought forward. Necessity knows no Kaw.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Admiral Dewey still maintains his reputation for being the best-dressed man in Washington.

¶ Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, is the best speechmaker among the nine members of that distinguished body.

¶ James H. Eckels, of Chicago, bank president and former Comptroller of the Currency, is so small and slight that he is frequently mistaken for a high-school boy.

¶ Finley Peter Dunne, who writes Mr. Dooley, is so timid about making public addresses that he will not go to a public dinner unless he has a guarantee that he will not be called upon to speak.

¶ Representative Nicholas Longworth stood nobly by his father-in-law, the President, when the House voted to dispense with simplified spelling. He voted for "thru," "tho" and "thoroly," and said he liked it.

¶ William J. Oliver, of Knoxville, Tennessee, the contractor for the Panama Canal, is less than forty-five, red-headed, and has more than forty millions of dollars in contracts under way in this country at the present time.

THE CAVE MAN

By JOHN CORBIN

X

IT WAS a strange sensation that Wistar had as Judith walked with him through the garage, with the dusk of summer in her fresh cheeks and its breezes in her abundant hair. Here she had walked a thousand times before, a memory and a dream, yet scarcely less real to his consciousness. It was to forget her, or at least to subdue the thought of her, that he had labored as he had, day and night, workdays and holidays; but his one inspiration in his work had been this fiction of his own mind, that she knew of his sober ambitions and shared them. And now, as she walked beside him in the flesh, she was alien to all her memory had inspired, as it was alien to her. He felt as if in a waking dream, in which truth struggles with the vision for mastery.

"You say we are wrong," she said. "But father—smile at him as we must, what he says has the ring of truth. *I* believe he is right!"

He fixed her with his look. "You believe he is right, but I know! It is my business to know! And from to-day the question must be not of right, but of might!"

She met his glance resolutely. "Let it be a question of might. Your business! In your life of the cave man you have slipped behind the march of progress in the great world outside. All about us it is plain to those who will see that the future of industry is in consolidation. Against progress you are powerless."

He smiled sadly. "Theoretically—perhaps! Practically—here and now—I am master. You have it in your power to save him from worse than ruin. Whatever it costs, in order to be true to yourself, and to him, you *must* save him!"

Now as always, his dominance roused her antagonism. "Must!" she exclaimed. "By what compulsion? What right have you to command me?"

"Because I love you."

"Love! *You*, who would sacrifice us all!"

At the onset of a nature as positive as his own, Wistar's courage expanded. Ten years ago the issue between them had been personal, and he had gone down to a speedy defeat. Now, he felt, they were two pawns in the vaster game of Fate, an inevitable conflict, of which the end was in other hands than theirs. "Because I love you," he said, "would you have me do wrong?"

"For a mere opinion, would you ruin—everything? It is grotesque, inconceivable!"

"If only I might do as you wish! It is my fate to fight against you. And to do that, I am giving up the one right in life that I prize!"

"What right?" she demanded.

"The right to serve you. If I could be to you what Penrhyn is, if I could do for you what he offers——" He broke off to check his passion. "I might not win you," he concluded, "but *he* would not!"

"And why?"

"Because I am the better man!"

"On that subject also," she said, "you are the authority." But it was easier to be satirical of his pride than to ignore his earnestness and his conviction. As they walked on, searching the garage from floor to floor, it was she who broke the silence. "Where *do* you suppose May is? You don't imagine she can have gone out to walk with Billy in his overalls?"

He shook his head.

"Is there any place," she suggested, her eyes smiling, "where they could be alone?"

He caught her meaning. "The paint-room! The paint-room, ho!" And he led her to it.

Before they entered Judith knocked with an elaborate little flourish of her fist, at which they both laughed. After a pause, Wistar opened the door.

Billy and May were in a far, dark corner, beside a limousine, the door of which was left open. Guilt was in the conscious attitudes of both. "I was showing Miss Sears the patent sprinkler," Billy said, with the excuse of self-accusation. May turned her back.

"The patent sprinkler?" asked Judith. "What is that?" At the sight of May's back, she put her hand upon her lips. One shoulder of the waist bore the imprint of four grimy fingers.

He Heard the Office Door Open

"It's a fire-extinguisher the insurance company made us put in here on account of the turpentine and varnish," Billy explained elaborately, pointing upward. The ceiling was studded with bits of metal like the nozzle of a garden-hose. "The least little rise in the temperature, and the whole place is doused."

By this time Sears and Penrhyn had joined them.

"It is not," said Penrhyn, "what I call a successful invention."

"Have you tried it?" Billy asked.

"The least little rise of temperature?" Penrhyn asked. "Then how have you two escaped a ducking?"

Billy saw his handiwork. "Get out!" he said in a fierce aside to Wistar. "Shut up, can't you?" Then he delivered a kick on his cousin's shins.

"Cheer up, man," said Wistar; "what are you kicking about? You're engaged!"

Billy's face lighted with sudden inspiration. "Yes, of course," he cried. "We're engaged!"

May threw herself into Judith's arms for a brief moment, and then started back with flaming cheeks. "Now, *what* are you all laughing at?" she cried. "Of course we're engaged!" The righteousness of her anger quelled them all. But, like another lady, she protested too much. "In order to be engaged it isn't necessary, is it, to say a whole lot of things?"

"I was just going to say it," Billy explained, confused with anger, "when Wistar came in and——" His rage and embarrassment choked him, and he went protectingly to May.

"And checked the flow of the automatic fire-extinguisher," Penrhyn concluded.

"Stanley!" Judith cried, as vehemently as she could for laughing. "You are intolerable!" She reached out her arms about the two unfortunates, and gathered them in one vast embrace of sisterly tenderness, while the others stood by, a little ashamed, perhaps, of their laughter.

Presently, Judith turned to her father. "Have you a hanky, Daddy? I've left mine somewhere in my bag." Her cheeks were streaming with happy tears.

"Shall I get the bag?" asked Penrhyn. "Did you leave it out in the car?"

"There, or in the office," said Judith, between sobs and smiles of tenderness.

Penrhyn vanished.

When he returned the others were in the mood of reverent sympathy. But he was in high spirits. "The car is mended!" he cried. And then to Judith he added: "Are you fond of walking?"

"Yes, and what then?" she queried.

"Then perhaps you will let me take you home in that automobile?"

XI

WHEN Andrews entered his room, late that afternoon, the first object to catch his eye was a large Bible on his bureau. He paused at sight of it, and then with an angry impulse threw it upon the floor and kicked it beneath the bottom drawer. Opening the drawer, he took from among his winter underclothes the few tools of the modern cracksman. Then he reached above the door and took down a flat key—the key of Wistar's office.

He hastily made his way back to the garage through the most crowded streets, peering into the shop-windows as he passed so as to avert his face. Everything depended on his approaching and entering the garage unseen. The hour was in his favor, being that at which most of the hands were at supper. He let himself into the office unobserved.

Shades and awnings were down, and the twilight without penetrated feebly. But he had no need of light. He replaced two of the bulbs on the electric fixture with the plugs of two wires. The end of one of these he connected with the lock on the safe. On the end of the other was a carbon style with a wooden handle. When he touched the style to the safe it became incandescent, like the carbon of an arc-light, rapidly heating the metal.

A common crockery plate, through a hole in the centre of which the style was thrust, protected his hand from the heat of the glowing iron, and a pair of black goggles shaded his eyes from the glare.

Once, as he worked, he heard the steps of some one walking up the gangway outside, and his hand trembled, rattling the plate on its style. Again, there was the sound of a motor, turning into the garage at high speed. His stomach seemed to fall within him, and for a moment he felt sick. But there was no time to investigate every stirring of a mouse. Such turns were the incidents of his vocation.

Presently, the metal surrounding the style was white-hot and plastic; and though it was an inch thick and more, he forced a hole through without difficulty. With dexterous speed and precision he made a semicircle of such punctures about the lock, the whole region of metal becoming malleable. At the end of ten minutes the door of the safe swung open.

The nervous tension under which he had worked now mounted to a sense of triumph. There was a messenger-office on his way home; and he calculated that, in ten minutes more, he would have delivered the goods. Between then and the hour of calling on Penrhyn to claim his reward, he reflected, there would be time to blow

himself to a restaurant dinner. He took the card out of his pocket, and prepared to read it by the light of an electric pocket lamp. But he stopped short, for at that moment he heard the office door open.

A scattering chill spread down his spine, but his nerves, weak to apprehension, responded firmly to the call of active danger. He grasped his revolver and glanced fiercely toward the entrance. There were more sounds, as of some one coming in; but to his amazement he could see nothing. To all intents and purposes, he was blindfolded. He tore the black spectacles from his ears. Still he was in darkness. With a sudden access of terror, he realized that his eyes had not yet recovered from the dazzling glare in which he had been working. His one thought was to cry "Hands up!" but his voice was choked by the primeval terror of midnight. With a sudden click, a light in the chandelier flared out, and then, though dazzled, he saw the white front of an evening shirt. Wistar was standing by the door.

"Oh, Andrews!" Wistar said in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. "What can I do for you?"

Was it possible Wistar did not suspect? For a moment Andrews debated the chances of escape.

But the moment was too much. With a sudden leap, Wistar was upon him, gripping his revolver-hand and swinging him about-face. In another instant his two arms were pinioned behind, the revolver was wrenched from one fist and the card forced from the other. Then he was released, and, turning, found Wistar, who was coolly scanning the card.

"'(1) Gear-shifting devices,'" Wistar coolly read. "'Drawings, descriptions and records of tests. (2) Automobile-makers. List of figures!' To whom are these things of interest?" He was still quite calm, but there was a sterner ring in his voice.

Andrews was silent.

"To our guests of this afternoon? I noticed that you were interested in our conversation. That, you know, was why I came back."

"I done it for myself," said Andrews.

Wistar went to the safe and took out the two papers.

"This, perhaps," he said, indicating the package of Minot's designs. "But not this!" he added, showing the list of his allies. "One of our guests bribed you? Which one?"

Andrews was mute.

"It was Penrhyn!"

Still the man made no answer.

"You forget?" Wistar observed. "No matter." Then he pressed a bell.

As he did so, Andrew's resolution gave way in a fit of hysterical tears. "Don't call the copper!" he implored. "I didn't steal nothing! You still got it all! But they would give me twenty years all the same. Think of it, sir—you who have always known liberty and ease! Twenty years of livin' death! I'd be sixty when I got out, if I lived—an old man out of work! Only don't call the cop, and I will tell you anything!"

Wistar reflected a moment. "If you said it was Mr. Sears," he said, "I should know you lied."

With the hope that Wistar might weaken, Andrews threw himself upon the desk and sobbed with theatrical hysterics.

"Quit that!" Wistar thundered. "I promise—I won't jug you!"

The suddenness with which Andrews recovered his self-possession was instructive.

"I know who wants all this," Wistar deliberated, with quiet irony. "As for the invention, I'm sorry to say I can't give it to them. It's not mine. And, in the list here, there are some matters that are confidential." He opened his pocket-knife and cut the five names of the deserting allies of the trust. "But the rest you are at liberty to send."

All Wistar's efforts at persuasion, all his threats, had gone wrong; but chance had now put it in his power to give his enemies the most absolute and convincing evidence of the fight he stood ready to make. He unlocked a drawer in the desk and took out an envelope. "Here! Write the address on this."

"What address?" asked Andrews.

"Can't you remember yet?" Wistar remarked with dry unconcern.

A workman entered, and Wistar bade him ring for a messenger.

Then he turned to Andrews. "Remember your promise! It's not too late yet to jug you. Besides, if you don't send it, you lose all they have promised you. Nothing worse could happen, even if I read what you write. And I give you my word of honor I won't read it."

Andrews looked at him, questioning, incredulous.

"You don't understand why I do this?" Wistar pursued, half in satire and half in earnest. "I don't want to do you out of the swag! I am very much afraid you'll need it. I've given you your last chance. I ought to have known long ago that there's no use trying to help you."

Andrews addressed the envelope, and began to fold the paper.

"By the way," Wistar interrupted, "you had better let me add a word or two!" He took the paper and wrote: "Minot's drawings would be of no use to you. The invention is to be patented at once and a strong company formed to exploit it. The names of your deserting allies you will know very soon, if you fight us, and very well." Then he returned the paper to Andrews, who inclosed it and addressed the envelope.

"Dimmick," Wistar said to the workman, "Andrews is discharged. He's a bad lot, as you see, and the worst of it is, he doesn't care."

Andrews was breathing more freely now. "I *am* a bad lot. You're right," he said. "You've been good to me, but it's no use. Give me some real brainy work, and I'm Johnny-on-the-Spot. But day-labor—it bores me. I can stand anything better than *ong-we*."

When the messenger entered, Wistar prepaid the charge. Andrews gave him the letter and started to follow him out.

"One moment," said Wistar; "you have quite forgotten who bribed you?"

"I didn't say nobody bribed me."

"It was Mr. Penrhyn!"

"No, sir," Andrews answered with all the appearance of truth. "I give you *my* word of honor it wasn't him." Then he went out with Dimmick.

When Wistar was alone he looked at the marks of the pen on the card where the name and address had been. The "Mr." was legible, and the tops of the capitals still indicated the beginning of given name and surname. With this data, it was the work of a moment to calculate that the given name was too long for "Stanley" and the surname too short for "Penrhyn." He tried "Livingston Sears," and it seemed to fit. Again and again he made the calculation with the same result. "Bribe-giver? Thief!" he kept saying to himself. "It isn't possible! Her father!"

He sat a long time in silence, and the more he thought the more his suspicion preyed upon him. Slowly his anger rose, and with it his convictions. His instinct had been right from the first. With such men he could make no alliance.

Presently he remembered that he had promised to dine with Mr. Sears. If his suspicions were just, that was not possible. Yet he was too right-minded and too fair to assume the guilt of any man until it was proved, and least of all of Judith's father. He resolved to go to Sears at once, and lay the whole matter frankly before him. But he had no hopes of the outcome. "War!" he said out aloud. "Whatever the cost, the end can only be war!"

What the cost would be Wistar was only too painfully aware. At best he pictured Judith fading into middle life as a governess or a paid companion. At the worst—but his mind refused to picture what her life would be with Penrhyn.

XII

ON LEAVING the garage Judith had asked her father to take the front seat with Penrhyn, and prepared to sit behind with May.

"But you are riding with *me!*" Penrhyn protested, drawing her aside.

"Surely you understand!" she expostulated. "Think of poor May—what a drop from the paint-room, if she has nobody even to hold her hand!"

Penrhyn's answer was to make a face, at which Judith laughed good-naturedly, stepping into the tonneau. Then he took his place at the wheel beside Mr. Sears, and set out to make the circuit of the park before starting home.

"Oh, Judy!" May whispered. "If you could only do it, too! It's *such* fun!"

"A matchmaker already!" Judith laughed. "Who shall it be?"

"You know who! He's so tall and straight. And his eyes—if he looked at me only once as he looks at you always, he could spread me on his toast for breakfast, I'd be that melted!"

"Horrors! That, too, already? You are insatiable!"

"Hold on, there," Penrhyn cried, looking around at Judith with a grimace. "That's not playing the game!"

May made a face in response which he did not see, and it was perhaps as well.

Penrhyn had scarcely turned his back on them again when a vigorous knock developed in the motor.

May leaned forward and warned him of this, as she had done, in fact, once before that afternoon. "If you don't retard the spark," she said, "you'll blow us up all over again!"

Penrhyn answered that the trouble was with the carbureter, which was running too thin a mixture. His explanation was cut short by a report in the muffler. He brought the car to a stand in front of another of the many garages of upper Broadway; and, saying that it needed a thorough overhauling, asked Mr. Sears to take May home on a trolley—the telltale imprint on the girl's shoulder was hidden beneath her automobile cloak.

Judith was too good a sportsman to leave Penrhyn, a fact which had no doubt entered into his calculation.

As the trolley bowled away from them, he professed to have thought of something, and, making a few passes beneath the bonnet, he mounted and tried the car. It went as well as ever—though that is not saying much. And so it happened that they two alone ran into the park and made the circuit toward the Fifth Avenue gate. Judith was too independent and too sure of herself to pay much heed to matters of form; and, as Penrhyn urged, the one great joy of midsummer in Manhattan was that conventionalities relax.

With regard to Penrhyn she had always a half-conscious misgiving. There was a trace of cynicism in his wit, a brittleness in his good humor, that gave him at times the effect of a lack of breeding, even of moral tone. But for the most part she laid the blame upon herself; it was the foible of such as she to be captious with men. She owed him consideration, moreover, for her father's sake.

The park was deserted at this hour, and, when they reached the vine-covered crags that overhung the road at the northern end of it, Penrhyn drew up in their refreshing shadow. A great ledge reached out above their heads, breathing earthy sweetness from its mantle of English ivy.

"What a sportsman you are!" he exclaimed, "what a comrade!" He turned in his seat and faced her.

At this moment, as Judith recognized, his glance was more personal than she had ever known it, and more earnest. She shrugged her shoulders, and drew back in her seat.

"You know—what the matter is," he said intensely, almost fiercely. "You must know!"

"I'm so sorry! I hoped it might be different—with you. But it's always this way!"

"Always! You mean that I'm like everybody else?"

"In one respect, yes! Meeting, liking, comrades—a charming comedy. Every friend a different friend, and a delightful friend. You, Stanley, are very different, and very delightful. But then comes the catastrophe that makes all men alike!" She broke off, and, presently, added with a sad, little smile: "Every time I am deserted I am lonesomer and more forlorn!"

"Lonesome! You can't be more so than I have been, day in and day out, by your very side! You will never know what that has cost me!" He turned his eyes full upon her, and she met them with a quick, courageous glance as if to discover the passion she dreaded to find in him. But now, as always, he exerted his self-control. "I don't ask you to consider me—only yourself! You say you are lonesome. You are young now, and will be for many years. But you will never be less alone! And I—*I* am lonesome!—most of all when I am with you, pretending that I don't love you!" He looked at her resolutely. "This is our last day together—unless you make it the first *together!* Think!"

"Haven't I thought? But the escape! Marry? Marry a man!"

"Yet you have always liked to be with men! Why have you never married?"

Judith reflected a while. "Sooner or later, even those I liked most—the way they looked at me was *horrid!* You know what I mean?"

"Of course—the blackguards!"

She paused, not quite satisfied. Then she said, with the frankness that was so much a part of her: "It may be my fault, too. The one way not to get burned is always to be playing with fire. May's life has been so different from mine—and now look at the blessed dear!"

"The only trouble with you is that the man doesn't live who is worthy of you."

"No, no!" she protested. "It is not that! I know it—the fault is in me. Marriage is the common lot, the rightful destiny."

"That's a fact. The one sure thing is that all our ancestors have gone in for it! It's less important whom you marry than to *be* married—granted a few essentials—congeniality, and all that."

Judith shivered. "But those solemn, those awful words in the prayer-book!"

"We'll leave out the 'obey.'"

She shook her head. "I could promise to obey. The will is its own master. But to promise to love, to honor any man—a husband—forever!" She broke off with whimsical scorn. "I should hate him in three weeks, and despise myself! And then, there is always the chance——"

"What chance?"

"I have noticed that marriage is often a prison-cell that makes the guilty wretch look through the bars upon the world outside—even if it is for the first time—as beautiful!"

All around them was midsummer verdure, fresh and abundant, through which, far ahead, there was a glimpse of the city, bathed in the glow of the early evening sky. She had almost forgotten Penrhyn in the beauty of it when he turned upon her with the air of confronting her.

"You mean Wistar!"

Again she shrugged her shoulder. "Among the others—perhaps!"

He flushed with anger, and took from his pocket an evening paper, which he had bought on the sidewalk—the world was always with him—and turned to a report, apparently more authentic than those that had preceded it,

of the combination of foreign manufacturers. "If this is true, they've stolen a march on us—and all on account of James Wistar & Co.! For the sake of an obstinate idea, a blind prejudice, he is ready to wreck everything. Do you remember the last time one of your father's promotions failed? Except for your presence of mind, the ball would have struck not his shoulder but his heart! Wistar is forcing him to the wall. I am working to save him. Whenever you see his poor, lame arm, remember that!"

She met his plea bravely and not without resentment. "The moment you lose faith," she said, "you are to say so!"

"Of course. Why, of course!"

"As for my future—if the worst comes to the worst, I can work!" Already, as she now told him, she had had the offer of a position as managing saleswoman in a new and fashionable bureau of home-supplies. The salary would be small, but enough to live on—even to provide for her father; and she looked forward to a life of self-supporting usefulness as far better than her existence of the past few years.

"Of course! Why, of course," he repeated, this time with a more accurate note of conviction.

"As for Mr. Wistar," she went on, with her instinctive honesty, "he is not quite as bad as you say. He would give anything in the world not to oppose us—except his opinions."

"Are you afraid," he demanded, "to leave Wistar outside the bars?"

"Afraid!" she repeated with sudden animation. "No! Of all the men I have ever known, he is the most *horrid!*"

"The brute!" Penrhyn exclaimed.

"That is," she added in a voice that was unwontedly impersonal, "of all the *nice* men."

He was silent a long time. "I'm trying to think it out," he presently said. "You're not unmarried from choice?"

"That's what makes it so hopeless. The girls who glory most to be old maids are the first to—what do they call it?—make their catches?"

"Then let *me* love you!" he cried, almost forgetting himself in a moment of passion. But he went on, with a quick touch of the grotesque: "It's got to be somebody!" Then he added, with appealing, childlike persuasiveness: "Let's be comrades—bachelor comrades!"

"But still there would be the bars."

"In another year or two you will be thirty!"

"Three years, almost—you are unkind! But you don't need to tell me!—I *shall* be a real old maid."

"You promise, when you are that, to—to be comrades? That is the best part of being married. That is what marriage comes to if it is happy—in spite of all the romance. Why not begin with reason and sense?"

She was silent. Overhead a large gray squirrel, that would leap upon any one's forearm for a peanut, dashed out upon the crag and chattered at them with ecstatic resentment against this invasion of his wilding citadel. But it would have taken some one much more deeply versed than Judith in the wisdom of the heart to spell the warning of his diminutive rage.

"It *sounds* sensible," she said.

"Then promise!" He reached forth his hands.

She drew back at first, and then took one of his hands in a feminine version of a masculine handshake—which was about as near the real thing as if she had thrown a stone. "Comrades!" she said. "When I am a *real* old maid!"

Penrhyn's face lighted, but his discretion was admirable, and he said no more.

There was a gas-lamp just in front of them that burned with a dense, white flame. The lamplighter came up with his ladder and snorting hand-lamp and lighted it, eying them furtively.

Penrhyn cranked the engine and sped away down the hill.

Judith looked back at the wooded nook they were leaving. "It is such a beautiful world," she said sadly.

XIII

PENRHYN lived in the Benedick, on the West Side of Washington Square and so near the Sears', across the corner of the square, that the front windows commanded a view of each other. He had moved here when he first met Judith, accepting the name of the house, so satirical in its application to the abode of resolute bachelors, as augury of a better fate for himself. It was late when he drew up before the white marble portal of Judith's house, but he made an excuse of the nearness of his quarters and entered with her. They went upstairs to the library, and he took a place near the window, where he could watch for the arrival of the messenger from Andrews.

The two were scarcely seated when Mr. Sears came into the room, already dressed for dinner, except that his jacket hung loosely from one shoulder. He was evidently in low spirits; but he greeted them with his accustomed courtesy, and proffered the loose lapel to Judith. "Your pardon," he said to Penrhyn. "My game shoulder! Judith always helps me."

"We Shall be Evicted Like Irish Peasants!"

"Blue imps again, sweetheart?" she said, giving a final feminine tug at his tie. "I'm off to dress, but I'll be back in a little jiffy!" As she went out she turned and cautioned Penrhyn not to be late himself.

When she had gone, Sears held up a paper which he carried in his hand. "Do you know how this was sent to me?" he asked—"the list of Wistar's allies, their resources and their year's output?"

"Andrews!" Penrhyn exclaimed in anger. "The scoundrel! The idiot! I told him to send it to me!"

"You!" said Sears in a low voice, horror and reprobation spreading upon his face.

For a moment Penrhyn was embarrassed. In the old man's own house—the atmosphere of generations of cultivation—it was not so easy to disregard his dignity. "I never agreed to it," he protested. "Andrews went ahead and did it." He offered to take the paper, nevertheless. But Sears withheld it.

There was a knock at the door and a middle-aged serving-woman came in. "A party to see you, sir," she said to Sears. "Not very respectable. A little in the drink, sir, if you'll pardon me."

"With red side-whiskers?" Penrhyn asked quickly. "Pack him off at once!"

As he spoke, however, those same whiskers appeared at the door, framing a pasty face and faded blue eyes that were swimming in alcoholic felicity. "Not quite so soon, Penrhyn," Andrews chipped in jauntily. Seeing that Sears held the paper, however, his manner changed. "Oh, my missive has reached you?" he said. "Then I'm off! Only wanted to make sure. Remember, midnight! *Ou revoir!*" He bowed with an elaborate courtesy—an inebriate reflection from his environment.

Penrhyn strode toward the door and caught him by the collar. "I told you to cut out the drink!" he cried; "and I told you to send that matter to me!"

Andrews hesitated a moment and then said nonchalantly: "I was interrupted."

"Interrupted! What do you mean?"

"Old Wistar come back."

"What!"

"He cut out them slips with his pocket-knife; but he left the figures and told me to send 'em to any one I wanted. This here he added out of his head." Andrews took one corner of the paper, and focusing his blissful eyes on it began to read Wistar's note with stumbling care.

"You made out you were doing it for us?" Penrhyn interrupted angrily.

"Made out? Made out nothing! He tried to make me own it was you bribed me. I gave him a steer. He don't know I sent it to your old pal here."

"Silence!" Sears exclaimed in dignified anger. "Leave my house."

Neither of the others heeded him.

"That's a likely story," said Penrhyn.

"Likely or not, it's true. Try him and see. If he knows, you don't have to pay me. That's all."

"You could have told him you were doing it on your own—for Irvingdale Smith—as you have done before!"

"It's lucky for you I didn't! You'd never 'a' seed this! And it's lucky for me! Where'd my graft been, heigh?" At this thought, Andrews' loose features became set and his eyes focused. "Look a' here, Penrhyn," he said

(Continued on Page 36)

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When the Heavens are Opened

NOW that Congress has begun to investigate the various combinations that control the lumber market, the Ohio River has put in a timely, if expensive, illustration of one great evil directly due to the reckless greed of the lumber interests.

The floods along our great river-beds cause annually an immense amount of damage, as well as loss of life. Scientists tell us that these floods are immediately attributable to the denudation of the back country. If, for the last twenty years, lumbermen had been compelled, by law, to plant a tree for every one they cut for the market, there would be to-day a healthy growth of young timber to hold back the waters in their flood and, presently, to supply the market with lumber. The waste and greed of "the American way" was never better illustrated than by the history of the lumber industry in the United States.

The people as a whole have more than a spectator's interest in lumber, coal and iron ores. Let the Ohio speak up good and loud in behalf of the People.

The Little Brothers of the Rich

EVERY now and again some trust teacher or minister gets loose and whoops it up for his patrons. One of them was at it again the other day. He thinks our corporations are not big enough and powerful enough—not even Steel and Oil. He thinks labor is paid too high wages and spends the precious money of the rich in drink and riotous living. The laboring man should leave such habits to his betters. He wept over the "tyranny of Labor" under which Capital groans, and lauded the charities of his rich friends.

Such a philosophy of life is a comforting one: this is the best of all possible worlds, and it is getting better just as fast as the rich can get richer. Those destitute and driven souls on the common highroad owe all their misery to their own weaknesses and to a beneficent Providence. Whenever our Samaritan millionaires are forced to run over these weaker brethren—why, there are the hospitals and the Relief and Aid, supported by the Samaritan Consolidated Improvement Company. A grand world!

There are some very curious members of two enlightened professions—the ministry and teaching. Their millionaire friends should call them off. They make them ridiculous.

Playing Tag with the President

"TAKING only a brief time to pass the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bills, carrying nearly thirty-one million dollars," says a recent Associated Press dispatch from Washington, "the Senate devoted the rest of the day to the Brownsville affair."

The Brownsville affair was a real godsend to the Senate. A year ago the Senate had before it the President's appointment of a press-agent for the Panama Canal, and maundered over the fact for several weeks. This year, if there had been no Brownsville affair, the Senate would, of course, have found something else. Secretary Root was misquoted about States' rights, and the Upper House might have had one of its celebrated and courteous debates over that—with an inquiry by committee as to whether he was misquoted, and an extensive argument as to what it would have done in the premises if he had said what he was alleged to have said, but didn't. Or the Bellamy Storer incident would have kept it going very nicely for a month. We are sure that it would have taken Senator Foraker alone a full week to shed all his scalding tears for "Dear Maria." The Ohio Senator's sympathy for those who have a grievance against Theodore Roosevelt is of a persistent and voluminous nature.

But the subject actually offered was so much richer. Men punished without being tried by jury! How many Senatorial scruples concerning the Constitution must bristle at the thought! Mr. Foraker's own conscience made the fretful porcupine look smooth as a billiard ball. These men were soldiers of the United States! All martial memories from Lexington to Santiago at once surged for utterance. And they were negroes! To overlook the field which that opened up would be like flying in the face of Providence. Only poor Senator Tillman, for whom our heart bleeds, was not only embarrassed but fairly blanketed by this latter superabundance of riches.

In fullness of time the froth gets out of the bottle. Last year the Senate eventually did considerable real work. We are hopeful that, as this session draws toward a close, it will deign to take up public business of moment which awaits its action.

Taxridden Speculators

A NEW YORK court has rendered a decision which we regard as very timely. Two years ago the State, with a worthy view of getting some rake-off from the grand Wall Street game, levied a tax of two-hundredths of one per cent. on stock transfers. Later it made the tax two cents a share, irrespective of the share's face value. Under this blighting amendment a considerable trade in mining shares was transferred from the Wall Street "curb" to Jersey City. Gentlemen professionally engaged in that peculiar form of commerce denounced the tax as unequal and confiscatory. The court has approved their view. In our opinion the judgment is righteous and most opportune.

At the moment—or, to be exact, according to the last reports that came to hand before these lines were written—a flat tax of two cents a share on all mining stock would amount to absolute confiscation in not more than three cases out of ten. Hence it might be borne without entirely ruining the industry. We mean, of course, the industry of printing and selling stock, which has only a remote and nominal relation to the industry of mining. But this industry is enjoying an immense, unprecedented boom and inflation.

It was, of course, the duty of the court to ignore a condition which was obviously of so transitory a nature, and to look to the inevitable time when the bald realities will emerge from the rosy mist of promotive imaginings. In such a time, we opine, a transfer tax of two cents a share would not only be confiscatory as to many quires and reams of mining stocks, but it would also leave the unhappy seller very largely in debt to the Government. Two cents, we may point out, is the price of a postage stamp—a thing of substantial usefulness.

A lot of people who are now buying mining stock will, presently, appreciate the injustice of a law which assumes a value in their shares superior to that of a postage stamp.

Also, as it happens, two cents is the price of some of the newspapers which now, in their advertising pages, serve the industry as chief touts, but which, presently, in their editorial pages, will gravely descant upon the folly of those who let wily promoters beguile them out of their savings.

Slumber-Songs for Jurymen

CHICAGO has been interesting herself in a proposal to make jury service less terrible to citizens having a job, but seems not to have got to the root of the trouble. Most men, living in cities, put a summons to serve on a jury in about the same category with notice that there is smallpox in the house. The unconscionable waste of time is the chief affliction. For this the lawyers are altogether responsible.

Long ago Heine commented pithily upon the naïve joy in expression which led visitors to the summit of the Brocken to record their emotions in the book provided for that purpose. The stuff written in visitors' books at other famous scenes suggests that language must have preceded thought by many centuries.

The loquacity of the bar is partly due to guile, but most of it must be charged simply to the primitive delight to chatter. In nearly all other pursuits this primordial instinct has been corrected by economic motives. To gabble takes time, and time is money. But at the bar gabbling is paid for. An accurate transcript of the talk in an average lawsuit would strike a believer in human evolution with despair. At the very top of jurisprudence we find the Supreme Court of the United States listening, day after day, to oral arguments three-fourths of which are the sheerest waste, for the Court forgets them before it comes around to the time for making up its decision in the case.

Nobody knows what all this useless palaver costs the general public, and especially those who have any direct business with the courts; but it must be a prodigious sum.

The juror, however, knows what it costs him in time taken from his own affairs. Naturally he is anxious to avoid the loss. We suppose court procedure will always be shaped for the profit and convenience of the bar instead of for the ends of justice; but we hope a time is coming when the profession will agree that cases shall be tried with reasonable promptness and dispatch. There will be little trouble about jury service then.

Is the Magnate Worth the Price?

IT IS almost impossible for an outsider to comprehend the difficulties of Mr. Harriman's position, or of Mr. Hill's. Each of these gentlemen is czar of two railroads so situated as to bid against one another for trans-continental business. The grand object of their strategy in acquiring the dual control was, obviously, to subdue competition. This, it appears, they have been unable to do. Mr. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman lines, and Mr. Hannaford, vice-president of the Northern Pacific, have told the Interstate Commerce Commission, in effect, that there is some strange property in a railroad which causes it to compete automatically, in spite of the wishes of the person who controls it.

"The railroads under the ownership of Mr. Harriman," the traffic director testified, "are competing to-day as sharply as they ever competed"; and he further averred that, as traffic director of one line, he could compete with himself as traffic director of the other. Vice-President Hannaford testified to the same remarkable fact.

Imagine, therefore, the awful commotion in Mr. Harriman's breast and intellectuals as his Union Pacific self fiercely struggles with his Southern Pacific self for the choice bits of through business, perhaps surreptitiously cutting rates or even resorting to the banned device of a rebate!

If Great Northern Hill enters into a gentleman's agreement with Northern Pacific Hill and finds that the party of the second part has not kept faith, what must be the conflicting emotions of James J. Hill? It is well known that both Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill suffer from a certain irritability of temper. They have even been called irascible. But what wonder, when their nervous systems are continually racked by this fierce contest with themselves.

We have been carefully educated to believe that these railroad colossuses are a sort of superhuman aggregation of abilities. It would appear from the testimony mentioned above that the aggregation, however comprehensive otherwise, does not include the ability really to control the properties given over to their hands. This is a secret that we have long suspected; and we wonder just what a colossus does do that is worth the enormous price we pay for his services.

Better Insurance for Workmen

MANY corporations provide a pension system for their employees. Often the system is so devised that it must be an excessively optimistic employee who can extract any large comfort from the prospect of benefiting by it. Under some systems workmen pay a premium to insure the corporation against strikes. One finds railroads that offer old-age and total-disability pensions of very modest proportions and, at the same time, vigorously defend the monstrously unjust fellow-servant law which exempts them from liability for bodily injury to one employee that is due to the act of another. Still other corporations—notably the Steel and Biscuit Trusts—seek to hearten their workmen by permitting them to invest savings in stock of the corporation on terms not very different from those on which anybody else can invest.

We think these things, in the main, show a right, though somewhat feeble, spirit; and we mention them only to suggest that the time is at hand for a more robust development. Workmen of the United States ought to have a white man's system of industrial insurance. Big employers can help them to it with a resulting profit to themselves on the outlay, we believe, which will make it one of the best of all their investments. To compare the German workman's life insurance, for example, with that offered by the few rich and selfish concerns that mostly monopolize so-called industrial insurance in this country, is to turn from enlightenment to an Egyptian darkness of economic barbarism. Conceding honesty in the management here, the wastes of the system are frightful, and they fall on the class least able to bear them.

Scientific life insurance is the best invention of the last century. No one, not a millionaire, should be without it; but in this country, broadly speaking, a poor man cannot get it except upon terms that would stagger a millionaire. In Illinois an industrial insurance commission is trying, with fair promise of success, to interest big employers in their opportunity and duty to organize a decent system of insurance for workmen. The method proposed just now does not seem to be precisely the best one; but we hope the effort will prove the beginning of the end of one of the most scandalous chapters in our economic history.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

THE late Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, when he passed out of public life left behind him a reputation for being a czar. He was celebrated then and is celebrated now as an iron-handed despot who ruled the House of Representatives as if it were his own personal belonging and not the great popular branch of the legislative government, as the orators are fond of saying.

Admitting that Mr. Reed was something of a dictator, a fairly-good journeyman emperor, as emperors go, the record of his accomplishments in the czaring line, when compared with those of our national uncle, Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, who is now Speaker, reads like Paul and Virginia as against Boccaccio. Uncle Joe is a czar with all the trimmings and all the trappings. Beside him, when their careers are compared, Reed looks like the second cousin four times removed of the grand duke of Monte Carlo.

Our Uncle Joe is as mild-mannered a man as ever throttled a budding statesman. He is homely in phrase and homely in face, and he works all day and all night at the "come-on-boys" business that marks him as a man of the people. He is for the people—if the people do not interfere with his program. He believes in free and untrammeled expression of the will of the majority, providing his ideas coincide with the nubbins of the expression. He can put more tears into his voice than any leading man who ever trod the boards, but the closest observer has never seen a pearly drop fall from those shrewd and steely eyes. Our Uncle Joe is a jollier, a glad-hand artist. He is one of the plain people, a member of the proletariat, close to Nature and sprung from the soil, but that is his trade. His profession is running the House of Representatives along lines he has thought out for himself, and though he is as easy as an old shoe to all comers, he never forgets his cue when it comes time to pull off a little job of dictating.

Quenching the Fires of Rebellion

THERE have been squeals of protest for years against the arbitrary power of the Committee on Rules in the House. Men have shouted until they were black in the face against its tyranny, against its subversion of the whole theory of the House as laid down by the Fathers, but the Committee on Rules has gone along peacefully, making sheep out of a lot of patriots who came to Washington to fire the Ephesian dome. They never—meaning the czars of the House—have thought much of that kind of arson, anyhow.

The common procedure has been to bring in a rule whenever anything was needed, pass that rule by the majority, and then ask the opposition what they would have the pleasure to do about it. They have passed rules limiting debate, forbidding amendment, fixing arbitrary voting times and all that, in each instance treading on the prostrate forms of the helpless minority and each time directed by the Speaker. They have perpetrated outrages that have become as historic as they were efficacious at shutting off talk and getting things done, but it always took time. It was necessary to frame the rule, introduce it, allow a few minutes' debate and then get enough votes to pass it.

This year our Uncle Joe thought of a new scheme. He was tired of the yelps against these high-handed proceedings every time a rule came in. He decided to fix the thing "en bloc," as John Dalzell said on a celebrated occasion when he introduced a proposition that made the dizzy Democrats consider all the amendments to a pending measure at the same time and not spraddle over them for days, as they wanted to. Dalzell gained much fame for his masterly command of French by his introduction of that "en bloc" expression. He was gazed at in awe by many of his colleagues, who were uncertain whether "en bloc" meant a new kind of suspenders or a recent invention in paving. The idea fascinated our Uncle Joe. It was so much easier to do the thing all at once than to do it over time and again, and he thought he might save the wear and tear on the voices and passions and innermost emotions of the protesting Democrats.

A time ago, when nobody was looking, he introduced his rule and had it passed. At one stroke he settled the hash of everybody who had a protest coming for his legislative plan. It was simple and childlike, as all great strokes of genius are. Our Uncle Joe had a rule adopted giving the bill for the Revision of the Laws the status of an appropriation bill. Appropriation bills have the right of way over all other legislation. When a money bill comes up, providing for the expenses of the Government, everything must step aside.

The revision of the laws has been a task that has provided sustenance for many years for several lame ducks. It is a monumental project about three feet thick, with closely printed pages, and in the most complicated legal phraseology. Before it can be adopted it must be read. As it has the status of an appropriation bill, it is always in order. If any patriot feels an impulse bubbling in his bosom to perform on the floor of the House, if any committee tries to bring in a bill against which our Uncle Joe has set his face, if anybody tries to do anything that is not in consonance with the somewhat set notions of the Speaker—Bing! and up comes the Revision of the Laws.

The bubbling impulse will never get a chance to boil over. There will be nothing doing that is not on the program. The aspiring statesman, who has ideas of his own, will be taken in hand. Sereno E. Payne will stand up and solemnly ask that the Revision of the Laws shall be taken up, and up it will come. Then they will read to the aspiring patriot who sought to break the program, or to the absurd committee that thinks it has any voice in the proceedings of the House, a few parasangs of the revised laws, and the aspiring statesman will go out in Statuary Hall and gaze dully at the great men immortalized in marble there. He will declaim to them that, owing to a tyrannical Speaker, there will never be a chance to get his own statue there.

Think of suffering that indignity, and think of the simple little expedient that our Uncle Joe adopted to suppress individuality! What can a patriot do when he is compelled to give way to Chapter 999 of the Revised Laws of the United States, sonorously read by the clerk while Uncle Joe sits on the small of his back in his room and tells about the virtues of the Quakers of the early days? It's crool! It's bitter, bitter crool, but it is so magnificently perfect in its operation that even the outraged must admire it. It will take about five or six months to read it all. Meantime, Congress will adjourn on March 4, and what chance has the patriot? Not a chance! His only function is to submit and get through as many private pension bills as he can. That is as far as most of the members of the House can go in the way of shaping the destinies of the country through legislation.

Vitriol, Vituperation, Verbosity, Vengeance

UNCLE JOE'S plan is merely an adaptation of the "stop-gap" principle. Both the Senate and the House have to have something to throw into the breach when there is nothing in sight, and there may be mischief done if legislators are left untrammeled. They have been using the Brownsville incident in the Senate. They have torn enough passion to tatters over the discharge of those negro soldiers to shove the quotations on Passion, common and preferred, far above par. They have defended and attacked and lugged out States' Rights and other skeletons. They have taken the Constitution down and choked it, and have pulled it from the mire and held it up for all to see and admire. They have got to have something to talk about, and there is a political season coming on, so why not braid a few politics into the tail of the Brownsville affair and make that a neat and nobby subject for discussion? The Senate of the United States moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, and any one who does not think that body of statesmen does not have its collective eye on its proper number all the time is so badly mistaken that his only natural occupation is muck-raking.

Take the case of our old friend Smoot. It was to be settled at once—after three years of preliminaries. What happened? Senator Burrows got up and emitted a scream that occupied all one afternoon. Terrible affair that must be settled immediately if the Republic was to endure! A few days later Senator Dubois got up and echoed the scream. He had the rotunda of the Capitol already seized by the Mormons as a Grand Eastern House of Atonement. Then everybody forgot all about Smoot for a month, until one afternoon Senator Hopkins ventured a few assertions that Smoot is all right and should remain in his seat. These were received with kind applause. Smoot dropped out of sight again, and, so far as has been ascertained, the Republic is still doing business at the old stand, and so is Smoot.

Spooner's Sure Specific

I SUPPOSE Senator Spooner will get in with his proclamation in due course. Spooner always gets in, but not until he is exactly sure where he is coming out. He is no pioneer to blaze new trails. Let a proposition that assails the President come along, for instance. There will be rumors in the cloakrooms and in the lobbies and in the press gallery that Senator Spooner is about to take up the cudgels against the President, that "the great advocate of the Senate" is now—this time—going out in the open to apply his intellect to the proposition of proving that T. Roosevelt is all wrong. The rumors grow to a chorus. It is all settled. Spooner maintains a grand and gloomy silence, but it looks as if he had been rightly placed. Everybody is on tenterhooks, waiting.

Then Spooner saunters up to the White House. He sees the President, and comes out. The waiting reporters pounce on him. He is still gloomy and mysterious, but he "intends to study the question thoroughly before he comes to a decision." He studies it—oh, to be sure, he studies it—and, at the proper psychological moment, up stands Spooner and hurls defiance at the enemies of T. Roosevelt, and scatters and confounds them by his eloquence and his legal grasp. Fine! Fine! Fine!

There was a lot of running around in circles over the nomination of Postmaster-General Cortelyou to be Secretary of the Treasury. Various howls went up from various quarters, but they were mere noise. There was a low but vibrant whisper that had more to do with the delay over his confirmation by the Senate than any of the shouts of anguish, and that whisper came from the National City Bank crowd, of New York, which means the Rockefellers and the Standard Oil interests generally.

They have not only got more deposits of cheap Government money which they could loan for high prices than all the other New York banks together, but they have found out things first to their own great profit. A man who made application to start a national bank out in Dakota came here a few days ago with his eyes popping out. He had received from the National City Bank people an invitation to do business with them before he had heard from the Treasury that his application had been granted!

The Standard Oil people did not want Cortelyou in the Treasury. But the financiers opposed to the Standard Oil crowd, while not expecting any favors from Cortelyou—which was wise of them, too—knew the National City Bank crowd would get none and that a basis of equality would be established, and favored Cortelyou, which helped some. Moreover, the President was a bit insistent, and that helped a heap more.

"I have observed," said my Senator, "that when the President gets his mind set on a thing it remains set for quite a time, unless he desires to unset it himself."

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THE PRICE OF BEEF

(Continued from Page 5)

You will find that you have troubles of your own without trying to kill off the little fellows and 'abolish competition.' That is precisely what we *don't dare* abolish. If we did, we would be turning away the raw material from our own manufacturing doors.

"If nothing else is plain, we want that made absolutely plain—the market is the country-market. The rancher or farmer gets for his steer not what we want to pay him for it, but *what the country can afford* to pay him for it. The packer is only a clearing-house to-day. He *does not dare* be anything else. If we should put beef—the edible part of the steer—on a basis of greater profit to us, we would be the busiest people you ever saw. If the public is afraid of us, the public ought to see what it does to us all the time! We are scared quite as badly as the public is.

"If what we have said about small profits in handling dressed beef is hard to understand, go to your retail butcher and ask him about it. He will tell you that he sells three-fourths of the beef that he buys for less than he pays for it. So you see he is in much the same condition that the packer is, and that is no more his fault than it is the packers'. In truth, it is largely the consumers' fault. A Halsted Street dealer in Chicago can't sell his loin cuts because they cost too much. A Hyde Park dealer can't sell the plates and chucks because they do not cost enough! The public, the great, mysterious public, is back of many of these problems all the time.

"That retailer's problem is precisely the same as ours. He has to make one hand wash the other; only he has not so many hands as we have. But he washes his hands by charging you *more* for what you eat. We wash ours by charging you *less*, and taking our pay out of what you throw away and *cannot* eat!

A Business on an Even Keel

"Sometimes the whole business seems to us almost to have slipped out of our hands and to be running things for itself. Sometimes we think that Civilization is the real head of our house. The swing, the momentum, the steady, inherent power of the packing business is a tremendous thing. It surprises us sometimes. The whole packing industry runs on an amazingly even keel. One department balances the other. The hog offsets the steer, the sheep fills in the gaps; or the list reverses, according to the demand of the great, mysterious public. The Volume Needed—that imperative factor whose existence we have shown—comes along in a splendid even per cent.—one product relieving the other, through glut or famine. Suppose a great indicator needle lay on the wall before us, sensitively wavering at the breath of the mysterious public. Well, to our view the needle only trembles, it does not oscillate violently to one side or the other. So while we are ready to say this country is not a bad country, we would like to think that we ourselves are not wholly unworthy for our contribution to the steadiness of that great needle of indication.

"Thus we would like to leave the matter. It would serve no purpose to amass columns of figures, as might be done, or to go into a series of minute explanations. Certainly it would be in bad taste for us to show any heat in our own defense, for we do not feel that we are on the defensive. We are neither unfriendly to the public, nor willing to believe that the public is unfriendly to us. We want only to be broadly and deeply understood when we say that *it means little to us what we pay for steers or receive for beef*. We are manufacturers. Being such, that great needle must not do more than tremble. Our success is your success. Our greed of profit would be our own undoing. We have used our brains and our opportunities the best we know how. We have met industrial battle with industrial battle and have asked no quarter. Yet, none the less, we have been carried on swiftly, many times, by changes which we could not foresee. Will there be more changes? Assuredly. There has been nothing but change in the handling of this mysterious American steer in all its history. What shall we do in the future? We cannot tell, other than to say that we shall use our brains and energy the best we know how to master each problem as it shall turn up.

"The public, however, will not be reconciled. Between the producer and the consumer there will still be a gap, and on each side of that gap there will exist dissatisfaction and criticism of all between. Is there, therefore, any means by which the packer can reduce the price of beef through increased economy or through a wider market? Is there any way in which he can sell the edible part of the steer on such a basis that he can charge back a little against his former profits? Yes, there is one avenue not yet fully covered, and that is the foreign market.

"If our Government by way of careful reciprocity treaties could not only let our beef into a world market, but into a *comprehensive* market, a market covering not only the whole world, but the *whole steer*, a great many problems would be solved in a generous fashion. As it is, we might say that we are not selling all of the bullock's carcass. We want to sell it all. We cannot sell it all in America.

"It is the new country that is the actual democracy. It is a free democracy that eats beef; but it eats the best of beef, as the rangeman did when they threw away half a carcass on a round-up because it was too much trouble to carry it along, and because they cared only for the better cuts.

The Fussy American Palate

"Americans will not eat cheap cuts of beef. You cannot force the plates and chucks down the American throat. The American public will pay twenty-five cents per pound for loin if necessary. But that means throwing away, so to speak, three-fourths of the edible steer; and that is an industrial waste that ought not to exist. This semi-discarded three-fourths is all food; it would have a human value somewhere, and it ought to be allowed to reach that value-place.

"Now if we could reach that value-place it would be far easier for the packer to keep steady that big indicator needle on his wall. We packers could sell our canned beef, barreled beef, plates, chucks, etc.—the cheaper, but not less nutritious, portions of the steer—at better prices than we can now. We could put useful beef product into every corner of the world. That would mean that we could get a better balance on our American beef ration, so to speak. We could sell the carcass still cheaper to the retail butcher, and he could sell you the loin steaks which you so strenuously demand at a less price than he does. If he did not it would be your fault and his, for that margin would exist. If we could extend the demand for that *troublesome edible* part of the steer, we would still be willing to handle it at a basis where we would practically be swapping dollars with ourselves. We would still remain manufacturers and not slaughterers.

"If a market like Germany, for instance, could be opened up for our canned meats, a great bulk of this troublesome portion of the steer which, at present, finds practically no demand at home could be utilized to the great advantage of the American livestock grower and public generally. There is really no reason, except, perhaps, a political one, why Germany should refuse our canned meats. The German public is eager for a cheap and wholesome meat product such as the United States Government proclaims canned meat to be, through the medium of its inspection stamp. This United States Government inspection stamp guarantees to the world the absolute purity and wholesomeness of the products bearing it. If our Government would but coöperate with Germany and agree upon a reciprocal commercial arrangement with her, a condition which has had a depressing effect upon the livestock raiser of this country would be quickly remedied.

"We should like to go into many features exhaustively, but cannot do so here. The undertaking of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to get at the bottom facts regarding the Great American Steer, at all stages of his history and progress, seems to us a big and worthy one. We desire to express our thanks for the opportunity to talk in brief fashion with those who ought to be, and who we believe are, our friends. These big commercial questions deserve a full analysis from every angle before criticism begins. Is the public always this fair,

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and always this slow with its criticism of us? Not a hard word was ever registered against Marshall Field—not that he deserved it; but he, like the packer, made his money out of the people. It didn't take him any longer to get his pile than it did the packers, and when he died he left twice as much as all the big packers are worth today put together, though any one of them does more business per year than did Mr. Field's company. Field was called the Merchant Prince, and the packer is called the Commercial Robber. It looks a little curious, doesn't it?"

The Livestock Commission Man

I talked also with the members of many of the leading commission firms of the stockyards markets, men who are very closely in touch with the producers. The story of one is much the same as that of all. "The competition of the independent packers does regulate the big packer," said one, an old-timer. "There is not a big firm in Chicago that is cutting a dollar a head out of beef to-day. The people who clamor about collusion in the Chicago market do not know how foolish they are. Collusion in buying beef is a physical impossibility. Why? Because no two steers in the same bunch are precisely alike, uniform as careful breeding has made beef type to-day. A dozen buyers can agree on a bunch of hogs, but on steers they couldn't guess alike if they tried. Sometimes buyers come wonderfully close together in their estimates, but that is really one of the arguments against collusion. It is simply the result of an educated judgment.

"There used to be more chance for a skin game than there is now, and this works harder against the big range shipper than anybody else. Suppose one big ranch outfit sends in a trainload of cattle. The bunch is too big for any little packer to handle, and it's up to the Big Three or the Big Six. One of their buyers sees a rival buyer come out of the pens and nothing sold. 'I'll buy 'em cheaper,' he says to himself, and so he watches. Suppose these cattle have come to me to sell. My man urges me to sell when it gets late and nothing is doing and it looks as if the cattle would lie over. I have to shade 'em a half to a quarter. Maybe one packer buys 'em, but they're weighed out a third each to three packers. That has happened. I've known Nels Morris to buy stuff he didn't want, just to keep the market going. Suppose he let some of it go for what he paid, would that collusion help or hinder you and me? What did the Chicago banks do at the time of the John R. Walsh failure? They jumped in, abolished all competition—and were praised all over the country for their benevolent collusion"

"Maybe the big augers in the office nod to each other over the telephone in the morning," said one cattle-buyer of years of experience at the Chicago yards, "but I am here to say they don't do any instructing to their buyers. They wouldn't dare to. Somebody would leak some time or somewhere. Some discharged buyer would talk. What would a big newspaper or magazine pay for one such authentic leak-story from a disgruntled buyer? Anyway, it has never happened."

Another commission man, more pessimistic, discussed possible changes of the future. "The hog market is traveling West. The packers have succeeded in getting away with wholesale beef-selling, and they may go after the retailing business next, like Standard Oil. We commission men would go next if there was any way of wiping us out. We can be, and will be, wiped out so far as hog-selling is concerned; but you can't abolish hand labor in selling steers any more than you can in killing and skinning them. A buyer may make a hundred thousand dollars a month for his house, or lose as much. And a commission man can do the same thing for his customers. I think that in the beef business both the buyer and the seller are necessary, and so they will remain. As to hogs, the commission man will be wiped out. The cheaper man will buy them for the packers, and buy them farther and farther west. But they can't combine on cattle so easily as hogs. The cattle market is mighty near a square deal all through."

"Is there competition in the stockyards market?" said an independent packer of good standing. "Of course there is, and always has been. The growth of what people call the Big Six shows that. They bought out Wells over there for five million dollars. Fowler, of Chicago and Kansas City, was bought out, and so were Viles and Robbins, of Chicago. The Hammond Packing Company made more money by selling than in running. The St. Louis Dressed Beef Company made a good haul, and so did the United Dressed Beef Company, of New York. Besides these there are a lot of so-called independents scattered over the country who are really owned by the Big Six.

"But nobody could control all the independents. There will always be a lot of fellows like myself who don't want to make all the money there is. I kill a few hundred head a week and run my own business, and that satisfies me. I have to meet the big buyers every day, and I can and do buy what cattle I need. There are hundreds of carloads of cattle shipped out from the yards every day which are bought by really independent concerns, in the big cities scattered all through the West—Indianapolis, Rockford, La Fayette, Cedar Rapids, Mankato, and the like. Dozens of towns are ready to get into the market as quickly as there is any margin. The big fellows don't dare leave that margin too wide."

Another independent said: "The Big Six are pushing their buyers farther and farther west every year. I can see the time coming when Chicago will be a feeding station and not an open market. All of this expensive commission machinery is going to be cut down to the lowest margin it will stand. The wholesaler, the retailer, the commission agent—each place where money goes out or comes in—will be watched to the limit. Vanderbilt controls the stockyards now. Who owns, or before long will own, the big beef concerns? Who would have owned the National Packing Company if certain things hadn't happened along about then? Anyway, you have got a guess about that."

"Yes, everybody roasts the poor packer, but none the less the packer is a heap more innocent than he is supposed to be," said another long-headed man who has passed a lifetime in the yards. "He is paying for cattle just about what they are worth. The market is an actual competition, and it can't be anything else but an actual competition. The packer is blamed for a good many things which he cannot help. Yes, if you want me to put it that way, I don't mind saying that the packer is a heap more innocent than he is generally supposed."

"Then who is guilty?" I muttered. No honest investigator dares go home and say that the family beefsteak is not thirty per cent. higher than it was when his wife first stuck her chewing-gum on the side of the door. Who is to blame? If not the cattle king, or the cattle drover, or the cattle rancher, or the corn-belt farmer, or the packer, then who on earth is to blame for this high-priced beefsteak?

No one is left but the Innocent Consumer. Meantime is heard the low, distant rumbling of the United States investigations of Standard Oil, Standard everything—in ample time for the next elections. In these days of political cold shivers it is a good time to ask some questions of the Innocent Consumer. How about you and me—are we innocent?

Money by the Way

I HAD been working in an engineering and contracting office for about one month when I asked for a raise in salary. I was informed that my work had been satisfactory, but that the condition of the business would not warrant any increase in salary.

This set me to thinking very seriously, and the result was that I wrote to the county clerk at C——, asking for a list of all the towns and villages in the county having a population of eight hundred or more, and the names of their town-officers.

This letter and five others to neighboring county-seats secured me a very presentable list. After tabulating the towns in order of size and importance, I took the list to my employer and explained my plan to him. As a result, the firm sent out about fifty personal letters soliciting engineering work, especially in the line of establishing grades through towns for the laying of cement-walks and gutters.

We secured two good-sized jobs of this sort almost immediately, and were also given a contract for a town-survey and map. The total cost to me was but a trifle for stationery and stamps. I got my raise.

—*E. M. B.*

An open letter to my customers and—others

FIVE years ago I had a small cigar factory and was doing a small business. I determined to try new methods in cigar selling and to do so I knew that I risked every dollar that I had in the world, and that if I was mistaken in my judgment the number that I had wouldn't last very long.

That new plan was to sell the product of my factory direct to the individual smoker, by the hundred, at prices so near the cost of producing the cigars that a man buying a hundred would be apt to come back for more without urging on my part.

One of the best business men that I know told me that I couldn't do it because my margin of profit was dangerously close. I have done it (and have succeeded in keeping on doing it this past year when tobaccos have been higher than they have ever been in the history of cigar making) because customers in constantly increasing numbers are ordering cigars without cost to me to secure their re-orders.

That I have succeeded in doing it is again proved by the fact that one floor was plenty large enough for my business requirements then, and that today I find a five-story and basement building of the usual city size not quite large enough for my requirements.

When I got fairly under way, my plan of securing business seemed like "finding money" to a great many dealers and some manufacturers. The result was that the advertising columns of leading periodicals, for a time, looked as though the cigar dealers of the country were becoming philanthropists that would put Carnegie in the shade. All sorts and kinds of offers appeared, all sorts of the wildest claims were made, but for some reason or other during the past year most of this advertising seems to have gradually disappeared. The next thought that I had was that I could afford to trust the public, and it is surprising how few people "stick" me for cigars. Then, again, I gave the average smoker credit for being a better judge of cigars than do the majority of manufacturers and dealers, and in this my experience proves that I was right.

It is very easy to say "Sumatra and Havana," it is perfectly easy to fulfil the conditions of "Sumatra and Havana" by the use of shorts and cuttings or a sprig of Havana in the filler, and *a* Sumatra wrapper.

In Shivers' cigars *all* of the filler is Havana of good quality, not only Havana but it is long, clean filler, no shorts or cuttings are used. When I say "Sumatra" I mean genuine Sumatra of the best, glossiest, silkiest quality, and not Sumatra grown under cheesecloth in Florida or elsewhere. The result is that I believe that I have the largest box trade of any cigar manufacturer or dealer in the world. By "box trade" I mean cigars sold to the smoker by the box. No other large cigar manufacturer is in so close touch with the consumer of his cigars as I am. I have no chance to hide behind the jobber and retailer.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Two years ago I made a very thorough study of the Clear Havana situation, and thought I knew it all, but made some mistakes in the beginning. They were quickly rectified and to-day I am manufacturing the finest of Clear Havana cigars, and am selling them to the individual smoker, by the hundred, at just about the same prices at which other large manufacturers sell their product to the dealers.

The year just closed shows a very substantial gain over the year 1905.

I want to double the business this year.

I want every smoker who values quality and cleanliness in his cigars, and who is not averse to saving himself the usual profits of jobber and retailer to take advantage of the following offer:

My Offer Is: **I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.**

In ordering please inclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street **Philadelphia, Pa.**

Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

Near Spectacles and Far

THE most profitable of recent small inventions is a peculiar kind of "bifocal" eyeglass, which has earned $125,000 during the last twelve months.

To avoid the inconvenience of constantly changing from distance spectacles to reading spectacles and vice versa, the plan was adopted, a good many years ago, of combining two lenses in such fashion that the wearer looking straight ahead would have the advantage of the requisite refraction for the far point, while for the near point (as in reading) he had only to look down—the reading lens being inserted in the lower part of the frame.

The only objection to such an arrangement was that it was conspicuously noticeable in glasses of the kind when worn by anybody. This difficulty, however, has been overcome by the new invention in question, which makes a single lens serve for both near point and far.

If a stick be plunged into water it looks as if bent at an angle of, say, fifteen degrees—the optical effect being due to refraction of light. Suppose (if such a thing were possible) that the stick were thrust into a mass of clear quartz crystal. It would then appear to be bent at an angle of thirty degrees. Again, if it were thrust into a mass of diamond crystal it would seem to be bent at forty-five degrees—these differences being due to the fact that the substances mentioned have different refractions for light rays, bending the latter more or less.

Now, it is exactly upon this point that the new invention depends—the two lenses combined in one being made respectively of flint glass and crown glass, which have different refractions. Owing to which circumstance it is practicable to combine the lenses into one glass of a single curvature—which looks, therefore, like an ordinary lens, but which serves for both far point and near point, the lower portion having the strength requisite for reading.

It will at once be asked, how can the two pieces of glass, of different kinds, be combined in such a way as to conceal the joining? The answer is simply that an electric furnace is employed which, furnishing an extraordinarily high heat, fuses the two pieces so perfectly that they have all the appearance of being one.

Born with a Taste for Gore

THERE is good reason for believing that leech farms might be successfully established and profitably conducted in this country, thus doing away with the necessity, which at present exists, of importing some millions of the useful, though unpleasant, creatures annually.

We have plenty of leeches in the United States—a fact familiar to many a boy who has ventured incautiously into a muddy pond—but it appears that they are of too mild and inoffensive a disposition to serve for medical purposes. Hence it is necessary to fetch a regular supply of the "loathly worms" from certain boggy lakes of Germany and Switzerland, which are infested by swarms of ferocious leeches with an eager appetite for blood.

The commercial leeches, derived almost wholly from the sources mentioned, are of two species, neither of which is found in our own country. Customarily they are captured in very primitive fashion by men who wade into the shallow water with bare legs, thus furnishing their own bait, so to speak. After a while they wade out again and, detaching the creatures from their limbs, transfer them to a suitable receptacle. It takes some minutes for a leech to get its blood-sucking apparatus into good working order, and thus no great loss of vital fluid is involved.

The leeches thus secured are packed in moist bog-stuff in tubs, and in this shape are distributed all over the world. Practically all of those that come to this country are received at New York and Philadelphia, where they are put up in tin cans with perforated tops, each such receptacle containing a quantity of muck. In size they run from an inch and a half to three inches, the largest ones being able to hold about an ounce of blood.

The mouth of a leech is provided with scores of sharp teeth, which work back and forth like little saws, cutting through the skin and surface capillaries. The leech is applied by introducing the animal into a glass tube and pushing it forward through the latter until its snout projects from the farther end, whereupon the mouth is brought into contact with the desired spot. To do this properly requires some skill, and, as a rule, professional "leechers," as they are called, are employed.

Magic Writing for the Office

AN APPLICATION of the telautograph that is both curious and useful has already made its appearance in the offices of some business men, who, by its means, are enabled to know what is going on outside of their private quarters without subjecting themselves to any sort of disturbance.

For example, Mr. Deeds (who is the head of the firm of Deeds, Writs & Co.) has on his desk, conveniently placed at his left hand, a handsome nickel-plated box, eighteen inches long and nearly cubical in shape, which appears to contain a roll of white paper. The roll is visible through the glass front of the box. A casual visitor would not be likely to notice it particularly, but, presently, something happens, and the conversation with Mr. Deeds is interrupted. A brief buzzing sound is heard, which evidently attracts Mr. Deeds' attention, for he says, "Excuse me!" and looks intently at the box.

Whereupon, inside of the box, a small metal bar that carries a pen begins to write rapidly on the white sheet, in even lines, continuing for half a minute, perhaps, and then coming to a stop. It is obviously a message. But whence?

In response to a question, the lawyer politely explains that the message comes from the outer office, and is written by his clerk, who wishes to notify him that a certain caller desires to see him. Is he disposed to see the person? Mr. Deeds responds merely by touching a buzz-button twice, which means no, and the caller is told that Mr. Deeds is engaged.

The idea is admirably simple and saves a lot of trouble. A small storage battery furnishes the requisite current; and the white sheet in the box, as fast as it is written upon, winds itself about a second roller, leaving always in plain view the part of the paper strip on which the fresh message appears.

Big Money in These Goats

MOHAIR—that is to say, the fleece of the Angora goat—brings extraordinary prices nowadays, when it exceeds a certain length, so as to be available for special purposes. One of these purposes is the making of wigs, and another is the manufacture of hair nets.

Strange though it may seem, it is a fact that mohair is used to a considerable extent at the present time to imitate human hair—that is to say, to be worn by women in the shape of artificial curls, "front pieces" or what-not. For a good many years it has been utilized for dolls' wigs, but recently it has been found exceptionally available for the more important purposes described, retaining its curl admirably, taking any kind of dye, and having a much more permanent lustre than human hair.

Among the Angora goats exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition were two prize-winners which, owing to the long fleeces they carried, attracted extraordinary attention. One was a doe and the other a buck—both being from New Mexico. The doe "sheared" fourteen pounds of fleece, the longest of which was eighteen inches; the buck yielded sixteen pounds, of a staple that exceeded twenty inches in length.

The mohair from these two very remarkable animals was sent to a certain dealer in New York City who is a maker of wigs, hair nets and switches—for which last, of course, only a very long fibre could possibly be available. The lady who owned the doe received forty-three dollars for its fleece, while the owner of the buck sold its shearing for fifty dollars.

Berkey & Gay

The Charm of the Colonial

THIS "four-poster" is typical of the quaint restfulness of Colonial furniture. It is made of selected mahogany. The posts have the characteristic leaf and feather carvings, while the head and foot boards show the beautiful crotch mahogany treatment.

Our energies are devoted entirely to the production of "period" furniture—such as the Colonial, Louis XV., Louis XVI., Sheraton and Flemish Renaissance. Berkey & Gay Furniture possesses character—it has meaning. In it the craft of the artisan has expressed the art of the designer. Since 1859 we have been making furniture for people who know. We are proud to put on each piece the "shop-mark" here shown. You will do well to look for it, at any first-class furniture store in the land. We have published a De Luxe Furniture Booklet, a little better than anything else of the kind. It is more than a mere catalog, as it tells about furniture of different periods, with handsome illustrations. There is much pleasure in understanding furniture when you see it. Our De Luxe Booklet will help. Mailed on receipt of 15 cts.—U. S. stamps or coin—remittance returned if it does not please.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

SHOP-MARK

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co. 146 Canal Street Grand Rapids, Michigan

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

No Mixed Beans, All the Same

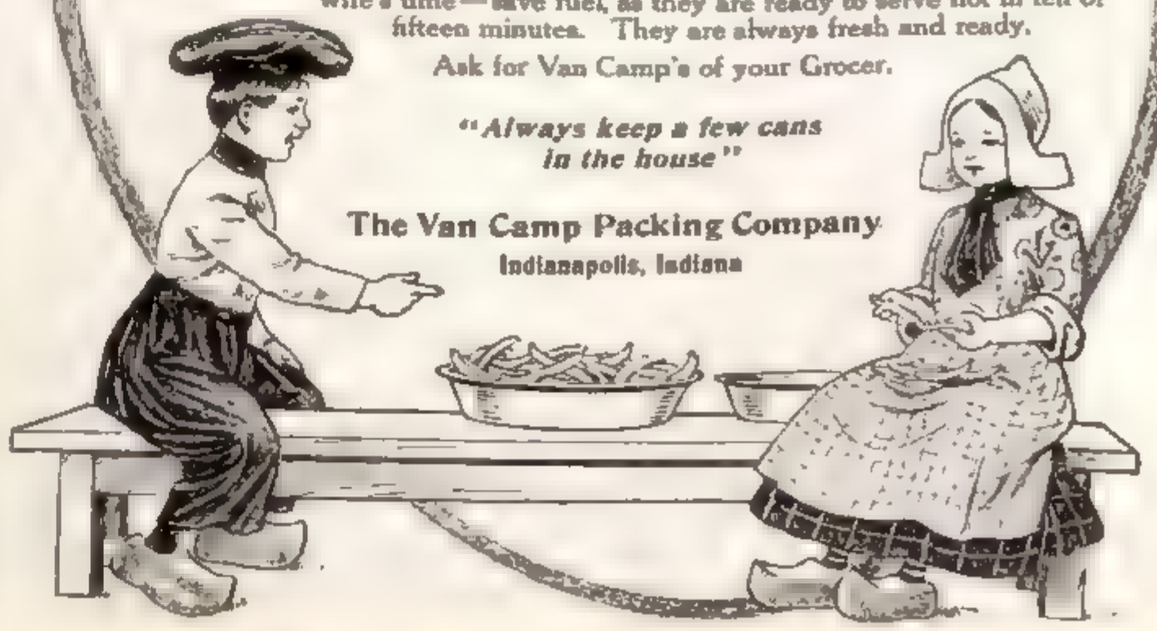
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

There is lots of difference in beans.
Just the same as with potatoes or chestnuts.
The little ones don't get ripe or have that rich, appetizing, mouth-watering flavor.
Van Camp's beans are ripe, full, round beans, of equal size—the best produced in the great bean belt of Michigan. They're **selected** from the finest of the crop every year.
It's the same with our Tomatoes. Van Camp's grow right here at our doors, in Indiana, and are picked for us when just of the right ripeness to be luscious and juicy. Not too ripe but just rosy ripe enough. We take only perfect tomatoes. These for the sauce, to add zest to the flavor of the beans as they bake.
Then a cut of toothsome sweet pork—with a strip of lean and a strip of fat—goes in every can.
And there you are.
Every can of Van Camp's pork and beans is sterilized at a high temperature and baked to the proper turn. Our chef knows.
Van Camp's are better cooked than the home-made kind—save the housewife's time—save fuel, as they are ready to serve hot in ten or fifteen minutes. They are always fresh and ready.

Ask for Van Camp's of your Grocer.

"Always keep a few cans in the house"

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana



Men have sweat blood and spent fortunes to learn the very business secrets which now you may read at your leisure and master at ease. The six-volume, 1,263-page Business Man's Library, described below, places at your instant disposal the crystallized experience of the whole world of business. Are you content to plod and blunder along—to spoil opportunities and waste chances through business ignorance, when practical help such as this is yours for only six cents a day?

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—How to drum business in dull seasons.
—How to route, handle and check salesmen.
—How to train, develop and coach a sales force.
—How to secure and organize sales men and agents.
—How to win the dealer's co-operation and support.
—How to advertise—concisely and thoroughly treated.
—How to meet objections and how to be a good "closer."
—How to work the "big stick" plan of selling goods to retailers.
—How to handle wholesalers and retailers to the best advantage.
—How to judge a good salesman—how to hire, and how to be one.
—How to analyze your proposition and pick out its selling points.
—How to make the consumer influence dealers to buy your goods.
—How to get out of the ranks of the "clerks" and become a real salesman.

And hundreds of other vital pointers and plans for clerks, city salesmen, traveling salesmen, retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, mail order houses and advertising men.

How to Buy at Rock Bottom

—How to trap a lying salesman. How to close big transactions.
—How to prevent extravagant purchasing.
—How to handle men and make quick decisions.
—How to know to a nicety what stock is on hand.
—How to avoid penny-wise, pound-foolish purchases.
—How to keep track of promises, agreements, deliveries, etc.
—How to get up the necessary forms, blanks, etc., for requisitions, orders, receipts, etc.
—How to keep in touch with your market and take advantage of special opportunities.
—How to play one salesman against another, and take advantage of every opportunity to get a lower price.
—How to devise a simple system which will bring to your notice, automatically, all data, prices, etc., about a given article.
—How to formulate a complete purchasing and record system for a mail order house, a factory, or a retail, wholesale, or department store.

And other pointers, priceless beyond description, that every business man, big or little, employer or employee, ought to have constantly at his finger-ends.

How to Collect Money

—How to judge credits.
—How to collect by mail.
—How to handle "touchy" customers.
—How to be a good collector—and how to hire one.
—How to organize a credit and collections department.
—How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
—How to know every day the state of your accounts receivable.
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—How to write smooth, diplomatic letters that bring in the money without giving offense.
—How to organize your own collection agency and force worthless debtors to pay without suing.
—How to judge of foreign credits and how to collect money promptly from foreign countries.
—How to devise a simple and effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections on all your accounts.

And valuable information, obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors, accountants, and every business man interested in this vital department.

The Business Man's Library is, in reality, a complete correspondence course under the great Master-Minds of Business. Seventy-eight men—not mere writers, but National Business Men, whose very names inspire respect and admiration and confidence—are its authors. Alexander H. Revell, founder and president of the great firm bearing his name. Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s comptroller; John V. Farwell & Co.'s credit man; Montgomery Ward & Co.'s buyer; Sherwin-Williams Co.'s general manager. These are only a few of the big men who have contributed to the Business Man's Library.

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THE BLACK COMPANY

(Continued from Page 7)

I hung up the receiver and went to work, carefully stowing everything back in the safe. I closed the big steel door and relocked it, put the room to rights, switched off the lights, relocked the inner office door, sat down in the waiting-room, and, with the evening paper in my hand, wondered what was before me.

It was well I prepared myself, for what I half expected came true. As I sat there the outer door opened without a sound, without the ring of a bell, the stir of a footfall, the click of a key.

The woman of the carriage, in her white Irish point opera cloak, stepped inside. She had done it very cleverly. It was the flowering of many years' practice at such things. In fact, waiting and prepared as I was, she startled me by her sudden and unheralded appearance.

Once inside, she turned and locked the door with her own key, without uttering a word.

IX

THEN she faced me, brushing the hair back from her forehead and laughing a little. She seemed more at ease, more triumphant, now. The unmuffled office light was a little harder on her. She looked older, less mysterious, more an alert and active woman of the world. But she still had the beguiling soft oval of face, the audacious red lips, the dreamy and shadowy eyes, the incongruous poise and bearing of a woman of breeding.

She sighed with relief as she saw me, feeling, I dare say, that her greatest danger had passed.

"Nothing has happened?" she hurriedly asked.

"Not a thing," I answered, with the politest suppression of a possible yawn. Then her quick glance swept the room. I thought I noticed a look of trouble leap involuntarily into her eyes. Then her glance coasted back to me, but she said nothing. I pretended not to see, and was holding my paper. She remained standing between me and the door.

"How can I ever thank you for all the trouble, for all the risk you have taken?" she said. There was a note of finality in her voice; it implied she was preparing for my dismissal. I bowed to it.

"Will you tell me just one thing, please?" I asked, taking out the packet of treasury notes. She waited with a nod of her head.

"I would merely like to satisfy a natural and legitimate curiosity as to just where this money came from?"

She looked at me very studiously, very guardedly.

"It isn't my money. It was merely intrusted to me for safe-keeping." This I knew was an evasion.

"But, madam, think of the circumstances! How am I to know this money was—er—come by honestly?"

She stared at me, the picture of offended dignity. But I knew the wheels of her brain were going like mad.

"It's too late to discuss that now, isn't it? The situation was rather complicated, wasn't it? You saw this; you came to my help; and now I am willing to pay you for it."

She was very clever. She was making me an accessory before the fact. She took out her key-ring as she spoke; a duplicate of the one I held, apparently. She unlocked the door of the inner office and switched on the lights. For the second time I saw her face change, and I stood on my guard.

She wheeled, with her hand outstretched.

"Could I have the packet, please?" She spoke casually, but I could distinctly feel that the situation had narrowed to a climax.

X

I SAID nothing, for the simple reason that I could think of nothing to say. But she drew her own conclusions. She was on her own ground now, and more sure of herself.

"Oh, if it's your pay you want," she said with a shrug, turning to the safe and spinning the dials with the deft fingers of an expert, "I have enough here, I think," she added, still stooping.

When she stood upright again both her voice and her manner had altered. I caught the threat in her tones, the menace in her attitude.

"I am a woman alone in this office at midnight!" she cried.

"I'm quite aware of that," I retorted.

"I have reason to believe you are trying to rob me," she went on pregnantly. "And more than that, I must ask you to give back every cent of mine you have taken, at once!"

"And if not?"

"If not, you fool," she burst out, with a grimace that contorted the beauty out of her face, "I'll kill you where you stand!"

She wheeled, quick as a flash, and I saw the glimmer of the revolver from the cash drawer in her hand. She had me covered.

Her twitching face went white as paper when she heard me laugh as I stood facing her. For I knew I was blinking into a harmless barrel.

"Who are you?" she demanded, tight-lipped, taking a step forward.

"Who are *you?*" I echoed, without falling back an inch. Her attitude of mingled triumph and defiance suddenly angered me. I was getting tired of all this play-acting.

"I am a woman who will never let you rob her! I'm a woman who is going to protect what is honestly mine!"

I laughed in her face. "I'll tell you who you are, now you have insisted on it. You are Blondie Bonnell, the craftiest confidence woman in America!"

"You lie!" she cried.

"You are Mrs. Arthur Swan, whose photograph hangs in the Rogues' Gallery; you are the trumped-up heiress of the trumped-up Black Company; you are the accomplice of Albert Kolkner, who was arrested in London for conducting a criminal next-of-kin agency; you are the widow of John Williams, who was twice driven out of St. Louis for using the mails for fraudulent purposes; you are the fake Countess di Firasso, of the Denver Coleman case!"

"You lie—you lie!" she gasped.

"You're more," I went on, in a rage of indignation; "you're the hotel swindler the Pinkertons hounded out of Chicago for duping Thomas, the cotton-broker, out of eight thousand dollars; you are the musical-comedy actress who began your career in London by stealing a pearl dog-collar from a Spanish dancer; you are the Carrie Kelly who evaded a Tiffany action for shoplifting; you were put out of the Hotel Bristol in Paris; you have been driven from Nice and Monte Carlo and Venice; an officer in Malta shot himself because of your trickery, your lies, the ruin you had led him to!"

She gave a little gasp, and slowly lowered her arm with the revolver.

"You are the wickedest and the most unscrupulous woman in New York at this moment. You are the most dangerous criminal in America, because you are good to look at, and you trade on this; for under all your finery you have nothing but the soul of a common thief."

"You lie!" she still cried; "you lie!"

"I do not lie, and you know it, just as well as you know you would shoot me like a street dog if you thought you had me cornered."

Her eyes narrowed and glowed at me out of her dead-white face, and her lips moved, but no sound came from them. She shivered, with rage or fear, I could not tell which.

"Yes—I could," she whispered thickly.

Like a flash her right hand went up. Without warning, without hesitation, she fired her pistol pointblank at my breast. One, two, three, four, five times she pulled the trigger. Each time the cap snapped and the grains of loose powder burned out in a feeble and impotent puff of smoke.

She stood looking at me, swaying back and forth. Then she sank back on a chair, covering her face with her hands. The pistol rattled down on the floor. I watched her. She was not sobbing; she was only waiting, planning, scheming, through all her artful pretense at tears.

XI

SHE slowly lifted her head at last, and looked at me searchingly.

"Oh, don't be hard on me!" she pleaded. I laughed a little. She gazed up at me out of wide and reproving eyes.

"Do you know, I like you!" she ventured purringly.

Her effort to be wheedling, her pallid blandishments, her tigerish writhes of conciliation, seemed almost piteous to me. "Yes, I like you!"

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"That comes too costly!" I retorted. She winced.

"I mean it," she said, rising and coming nearer. I fell back from her. She turned away, and began pacing up and down the little room.

Then she stopped.

"Give me a chance!" she pleaded. "I'll do anything—only give me a chance!"

She was back beside me again, coiling and wheedling. She was like a snake, at once loathsome and lovely.

"Is that what you told the man you got this money from?"

"He was a fool—an old fool—he deserved to lose it! It's nothing to *him!*"

She stood still. "Why can't you be more generous with me?" she still pleaded, turning away from me again.

Then her face changed. Before I noticed it she had darted to the wall beside the safe. I saw her finger play on an electric-button there.

"Wait—stop!" I cried, springing toward her.

She only laughed.

"What's that for?" I demanded

She laughed again, vindictively, desperately.

"That calls the watchman of this building—the night watchman."

"Are you crazy?" I demanded, backing toward the outer hall door.

But it was too late, and the woman knew it. She was cool and collected once more, and, as I stood watching her, it filtered through my mind just what her next move was to be.

"This will cost you dear!" I cried.

"I think not," she answered. "The watchman of this building knows me. He knows this office; and he will soon know that nine thousand dollars in treasury notes have just been taken out of that safe."

"Out of that safe?"

"Yes, and that I have intercepted the thief who took them!"

"And what of that, Mrs. Arthur Swan?" I flung out at her. "What good will that do you, Mrs. Kolkner, alias the Countess di Firasso, alias Blondie Bonnell?"

"You forget that here I am Alicia Evelyn Black, that I'm a business woman in her attorney's office, a woman holding unimpeachable references! You forget that you secretly entered this office, *with stolen keys*, and opened that safe!"

The woman was right. Who would believe the fairy story of this ridiculous adventure through which I had passed?

"You will, of course, be searched," she went on, more mockingly. "If the money is not found on your person, well and good, I suppose. If it is found there, you know the result. And we haven't more than one minute, I think, to get that stolen money back into the safe."

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly. Still again in my life I wished my record had been clean, simply to fight it out with her to the bitter end, for the sheer sake of the fight. She had acted her part well, but her face, in the strong side-light, began to look tired and worn. Her eyes had lost their lustre, her color had faded. She was a haggard and disillusioned woman, worldly-wise, cunning, crafty-minded, plotting and scheming for her tainted bundle of wealth; fighting for her miserable thief's swag.

I neither blamed nor hated her; I only pitied her.

"Why are you taking such chances on this money?" I demanded, with my back against the door, waiting every moment for the steps on the stairs.

She studied me for a moment or two in perfect silence, without moving, before she answered.

"Do you want to know that?" she said, with a second complete change of manner, an incongruous look of tragedy falling across her face.

"I do."

"Then listen," she responded, her artfulness for once forgotten. "The man I have worked and schemed and suffered for, the man I have endured this life for, was arrested two days ago."

"For what?"

"For passing a forged check on the First National Bank."

"And for how much?"

"It was for over eight thousand dollars."

"And if you make complete restitution that man will be set free and no charges pressed?" I saw the bitter irony of it all even before I heard her spoken words.

"Yes, then we can be together again."

"But why do this for a man of that stamp?"

Her answer, uttered a little scoffingly, a little resentfully, was primitive in its simplicity:

"Because he's the only thing I ever cared for!"

I could see the wave of passion, the sacrificial instinct of her sex, sweeping through even that sordid and tainted body.

"You poor, poor woman!" I said, as I looked at her white and weary face, with all its deepened lines of anxiety.

She caught her breath as though she were about to break into tears. But she did not.

I handed her the packet of notes. She let them lie in her lap, unnoticed. Then I dropped the ring of keys beside them. For some reason or other I felt ashamed of myself.

"Put them in the safe," I commanded gently.

She rose with a sigh and did so. There was neither triumph, nor exultation, nor joy on her face. But I thought I noticed that she shifted the combination of the lock as she closed the safe door again.

"Now, the watchman," I demanded. "What can we say to him?"

My one anxiety was to help her out.

She crossed the room, unlocked the outer door leading into the hall, and listened.

"You will not be molested by the watchman," she said simply enough.

"But you've called him," I said. "We'll have to explain in some way."

She locked the inner office door before she turned to answer.

"*He was not called!*" she said, as simply as before.

She eyed me steadily in response to my stare of wonder. I was looking in the direction of the button she had pressed.

"That button is attached to the broken electric-buzzer there just above your head." She pointed to the wall; then she crossed the room again.

There was something valedictory in her attitude as she opened the hall door for me.

"And the check forger, too?" I could not resist asking, with a meekly-comprehending nod of the head toward the broken buzzer.

She did not answer in words; but I found myself growing hot and cold up the backbone, under her sudden, little scoffing laugh.

"*You clever, clever woman!*" I said humbly, with my hat in my hand.

As Others See It

"ONCE I was working on a picture of the Whirlpool Rapids," says a well-known painter, a friend of the artist Inness, "and Inness came in early one morning to see it. On my return from luncheon I found him hard at work on my canvas. 'I can't help it!' he cried: 'I had to come in and show you how to paint that picture'—and he did, as his beautiful and poetic mind saw it. He worked several hours, and finally said: 'There, that's the way it should be done!' It was a grand Inness, but a very poor me. And this shows what poor critics of one another's work artists are. They cannot judge from the painter's individual standpoint, but only from their own—as they themselves would paint the subject. The older a painter grows, the more absorbed he is in his own work, and the less he cares for others'—unless it may be one of the grand old masters, beyond criticism in work and reticence. Remember how Michael Angelo said: 'Titian would be great if he only knew how to draw.'

"Mr. Inness had just sold a picture—and the fortunate possessor was looking at it in his studio with him. 'What is that thing up by the barn, Mr. Inness?'

"'Why, what do you think it looks like?'

"'Well, it seems to me like a wheelbarrow.'

"'Bully for you! That's just what I thought it was myself.'

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"'Do you mean where did I paint it?'

"'Yes, what part of New England?'

"'Why, man, that's a picture; that's no illustration for a guide-book.'

"Mr. Inness was much influenced in his work by the weather. I have seen him start on a landscape in the morning, impressed with the mist he saw lying upon the land, and which yet rested over the city. But as the fog rolled away and the sun came out, his canvas grew fresh and green, finally ending, like the day, in a brilliant sunset. I have seen that not once only, but several times."

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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 17)

ominously, "you want them facts, and I want the twenty centuries. You got the facts you and your pardner. I want the money. And there's something more: when Wistar found me crackin' his safe, he gave me the sack. I lost my job along o' you, and I want damages. Three-fifty a day, six days a week! See?"

"Rubbish!" said Penrhyn contemptuously. "You get what I promised. That's enough."

"Not on your tin-type! I like this here trust o' yourn, and if Wistar goes pals with you I'm going to put my two thou. into it. Meantime, I got to live."

Sears had been speechless, revolted and horror-struck. "This is no place for such bickering," he at last found voice to say. "I shall not soil my house nor my hands with such dealings!" The other two were silent, and he concluded with less vehemence: "And Wistar may be here any moment!"

"He's comin', too, is he?" Andrews put in with cool significance. "If you don't promise the swag I'll stop him on your doorsteps and tell him who done him! That'll spoil your dinner-party!" Both men were silent, and Andrews continued, his voice becoming unctuously sentimental. "He's been good to me! He could 'a' let me in for twenty years in stir, but instead o' that he put me to the good. My two thousand, see! *And* my salar*ee!*"

"Wistar knows that some of us received this!" Sears said dully. "We can't explain that!"

Penrhyn was thoughtful. Unless he could find some way of throwing Wistar off the track, he knew very well that the last hope was gone of ever winning him over.

Andrews had been thinking, too. "Old Wistar made a little mistake," he said with oily cunning. "You jes' listen here! You remember—Irvingdale Smith did come to see Wistar! Wistar don't know that, but he knows Smith is gettin' cold feet, and wants to give you folks the skiddoo. But Wistar won't have him—being bigoted, and not able to forget bygones. That's straight goods, every word. Savvy? All you'se got to lie about is that I done the job for Smith *as* usual."

Penrhyn nodded. He needed a scapegoat—needed it badly. And chance had given him the best. The chief thing now was to get Andrews out of the house and away without Wistar's seeing him. The hall room next the library was Mr. Sears' den, and Penrhyn led the man into it, advising Mr. Sears to let him out through the hall as soon as Wistar was safely in the library.

When the two were alone, however, Sears said firmly: "You understand that I wash my hands of all this? It is theft! It is treachery!"

"That's what they call it when you fail. When you succeed—and we're going to succeed—you're the Napoleon of Wall Street!" He reached for the paper.

Sears withheld it.

"Permit me to remind you," Penrhyn urged, "this was sent for me. The thing has been done. I'm in for it. If I'm killed, I'll not be killed for a lamb. With one glance I can tell where we stand." He caught the paper, and took it with gentle force. "Strong!" he exclaimed, when he had glanced down the list. "Fight *him!* There's nothing in that for the underwriter! Only more work for the undertaker!" He sat down in a chair and pondered.

Sears sat down, too, the image of despair, and buried his face in his hands.

In a moment Penrhyn leaped to his feet. "Andrews is right! If Wistar doesn't know we've got the list, he hasn't an atom of proof! In five minutes I can snow him down—snow him under!"

Mr. Sears did not raise his head. "You have ruined everything," he said. "Once for all, I refuse to be a party to your schemes!"

"At least you will let me get Andrews out of here past Wistar! You can't want to compromise me—and yourself!"

"Compromise *me*, sir! I have kept my hands clean. I cannot be compromised!" His indignation shaded into despair, and he added, "All dealings are at an end between us."

Penrhyn's mood mounted. "Wait and see!" he exclaimed. "This blunder has thrown the whole game in our hands!"

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Statistics
Cost of Hotel Belmont $10,000,000
Four years in building
Highest type of fireproof construction
Twenty-seven stories
More than a thousand rooms.
Foundation of hotel on solid rock
Nearly 10,000 tons of steel used
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All rooms equipped with private and long distance telephones
The latest addition to the great hotels of the world. Opened May 5th, 1906
We would welcome you here and try to make you look upon this hotel as your New York home.
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42nd Street and Park Avenue
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Because they are self-conforming just where the hat touches the head. This makes them fit the head naturally without binding. This together with their extreme lightness gives a sense of comfort approached by no other derby.
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Because they are made from selected furs giving the greatest wearing qualities. They are the result of 34 years of fine hat manufacture.
Kingflex Hats cost $4.00. Wenlan Hats are made from the finest furs and trimmings and are the height of elegance in finish and style. They cost $5.00, and are also self-conforming.
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Judith came in, putting the last touches on the lace of her gown. "Stanley!" she cried in surprise. "Here yet? You must hurry!"

As Penrhyn was leaving he caught Mr. Sears' eye, and then, with a sidelong tilt of his head, glanced toward the door that opened into the den.

XIV

JUDITH knew only too well the mood in which she found her father.

He had begun life as a rich young man with family, cultivation and a host of friends. If his lot had been cast in the present generation he would have been a working sociologist, a reform politician, or a patron of the arts. But in the generation of the Civil War the uses of a leisure class were little valued. It was business or nothing. For many years he had been able to form companies and exploit his ideas; and though he had always ended in failure, he had, as promoter and manager of successive enterprises, received no small sums in bonuses and salary. But he had never undergone any real business training, and he had not a sufficiently strong sense of the facts of life to save him from his imagination. The outskirts of Wall Street are full of such men, and those of them are happiest who come to the end of their tether while they are young enough to learn. In his case, the time when his friends came to distrust him arrived tardily. Then, already in middle-life, ensued a period when, in his search for more capital, he approached distant acquaintances, even strangers. To a man of his aristocratic breeding, the ordeal was painful; but he never flinched. Finally, however, the time had come when he was limited to his own means, and risked the last of it.

To Judith had fallen the duty of encouraging and sustaining him through the later and more painful stages of his descent. What she had suffered with him from the rebuffs of ill-bred strangers only the gentle, feminine heart can know. But from childhood she had stood by him, and she had never found a better means of coping with his despondency than her girlish heart had taught her. So now she put her hand on his head, caressed it, and bade him go with her to the big chair in the den.

He mechanically obeyed until she had laid her hand on the door-knob. Then he led her back to a black walnut chair.

"This ugly old chair isn't half so snug and comfy!" she protested. But it was no time to oppose him. She threw her arms about his shoulders and laid her soft, bright cheek against his blanching temples. "Is he sad because people are stupid?" she said, unconsciously falling into the language of her childhood. "We shall forget them, and then they will be the losers! We still have *us!*"

"Forget!" he lamented. "Poverty never forgets. When the horses went, I promised that should be the last sacrifice. But now—we've failed again, and it's this house—your house! They will foreclose, and we shall be evicted like Irish peasants! Think of it! This ugly old furniture—which we love—how hideous it will look when it is put up here at public auction, when it is dumped out on the sidewalk for all the world to see!"

"But we haven't failed yet! We can make Mr. Wistar see how wrong he is. I *feel* that we can! Then we shall have new and beautiful furniture, the horses back—everything!"

He shook his head. "Too late! It's all spoiled. At last I am done for! The world used to seem full of opportunity. Everything turns out the same. Hope and despair—over and over! When I was young—when we fellows fresh from college started in Wall Street together, it was to me they looked to do the great things. I had the ideas. I had the money. One by one they have passed me by. Myrick owns the Wanawackson. Ponter is the Clothiers' Bank. Horting is everything! When he is abroad the comic papers cartoon him as the Yankee Peril. He is received in every court of Europe like royalty! At the club they all try to be just the good old chaps they always were. But they are so careful not to hurt my feelings—it amounts to an insult!"

It was true, every word of it, and it fell upon Judith's heart like a blight. But still she labored with him. "You've always been honest!" she urged. "That's more than most of them can say!"

He raised his eyes, and glanced toward the study door, with a look she did not understand.

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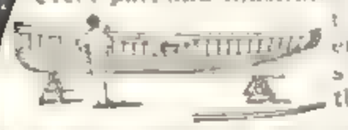

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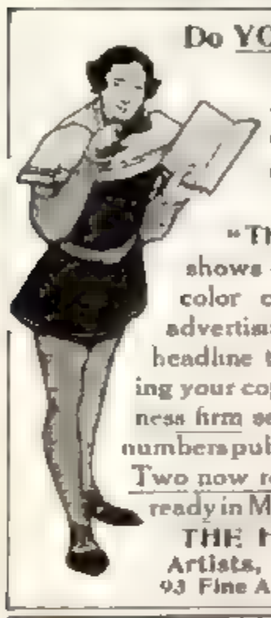

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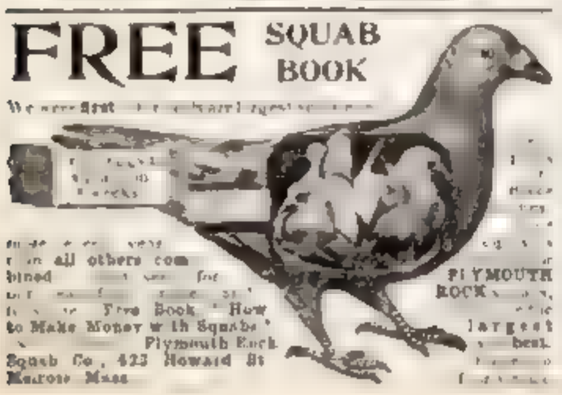

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She took his forehead in her palms and kissed it. Then she attempted to kiss his mild, tired eyes. He shook his head, and put her gently away—always since childhood he had done so. "You will never let me kiss your eyes," she complained. "And they are such dear, tender eyes! I know I could make you happy if I could kiss them once—only once!"

He was silent a long time. "Let me tell you, dearest. Your mother . . . she used to do that! And she could cheer me that way when everything else failed. The last time she kissed me so—do you remember it?—it was the night before May was born—the last evening of all!"

Judith hid her face in his shoulder.

"Of course, you didn't know it, but she was always afraid you children would come between us—jealous of you, she used to call it! That is the way she was! And that is why I have never let you. . . . It is the last thing she still owns upon earth!"

Judith forced down the catch in her throat and smiled through her tears. "No! Not the last!" she cried. "She still has us! And we must be cheerful as she would make us, if she were here! This venture—I still hope!—but if it fails ——" She paused, reflecting. The idea of her working had always filled her father with an old-fashioned horror, but it was all the more necessary that he should become accustomed to it. "If it fails," she concluded, plucking up resolution, "you know, they want me at the Home Stores. I can still work!"

He rose from the chair in agitation. "Selling soups and poultices from the kitchen! Serving your old friends—my old friends—with afternoon tea! For five generations our family has been—what it *has* been! There is little enough left in America of the old, the true gentility! But we have done our best to stand for our traditions! The Home Stores! What do you know of that sort of thing? They only want you for your name to serve as a vulgar advertisement! I can't stand it—to have it said that I brought our ideals to penury!"

It was the side of her father's nature with which she had the least sympathy. "Ideals, Daddy!" she cried. "*My* ideals are of service and usefulness! Rich or poor, I believe in work! Work for the world, and if you can't do that, all the more work for your own self-respect! The only disgrace I feel is poverty—genteel poverty in idleness! It is so easy to do what one must—with a wee bit of sense and good-humor!" She took him by the arm and forced him gently back into the chair. "Oh, Daddy! If you could ever understand me! Mother—she would have understood! And she would have let me bring you peace!" Judith leaned over to kiss his eyes; but he bowed his head, so she kissed the brows above them.

"With you a shopgirl—a waitress—and I a homeless bankrupt—I can't sink down to the grave like that!"

There was something ominous to Judith in the set, tense quiet of his voice. With a quick, resolute movement she opened the drawer of the table beside her and took out his revolver. "Father! I want you to promise me ——"

"Promise what?" he asked.

She paused. There are certain words that will not be spoken, though all her instincts told her that she must deal with him roundly. "Why do you keep this?" she asked. "A burglar couldn't get in here! There's much more danger in my room. I'm going to take it there."

He met her eyes with forbidding pride. "I can still do the family burglar-hunting," he said, and, taking the revolver, he put it back in the drawer. "Penrhyn has not yet lost hope. He is able and full of resources." But there was something in the way he spoke that intensified Judith's anxiety.

Boyser knocked and, entering, announced Wistar.

Sears started. "I have a few things to do," he said, and went into the den.

When Wistar came in Judith started involuntarily, his look was so gloomy and perplexed. She offered her hand, and he hesitated before he took it.

"May I speak for a moment to your father?" he said.

"Surely!" she answered. But when she went to the door of the den she found, to her surprise, that it was locked. She shook the knob gently and paused. "He said he had some things to attend to. Of course

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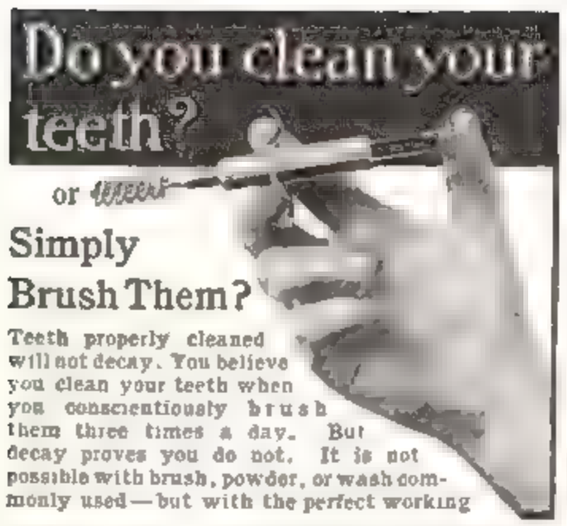

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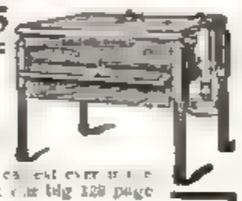

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he'll be out in a moment!" As she spoke, however, she drew open the table drawer, and made sure that the revolver was still there.

"How do you interpret the laws of hospitality?" Wistar demanded.

"Such a serious question! *What* does it mean?"

"If a man has reason to think another his enemy, is he right to become his guest?"

"I try to believe in people until I know they are bad! Surely—why do you ask?"

"Because I love you!" He spoke with a vehemence that shook his frame, though his voice was low and, except for the deep vibrance of emotion, under full control. "I want to help you. This war they are forcing me into—God knows I am trying to avoid it! But they are making that impossible!"

The hall door opened, and May entered with Billy. "*What* is Andrews doing here?" she asked. "As he passed us on the stairs his breath was like a searchlight!"

"Andrews!" Wistar cried out. "Here!"

No one answered, and the talk turned with a somewhat enforced lightness upon the young people. By and by Penrhyn came in, and finding that Mr. Sears was in the study, went in, the door being now unlocked. Presently, the two came out together.

"Mr. Sears," Wistar demanded, "may I have a moment's talk with you?" The discovery that Andrews had been there before him had removed his last doubt. To accept Sears' hospitality seemed now quite impossible, and he resolved to end the negotiation by confronting him with the full evidence of his guilt.

"If it's going to be unpleasant," Judith put in, "mayn't we wait? At least we can dine as friends."

Wistar hesitated.

"If you command it!" he said at last.

"I do!" Judith answered firmly.

Boyser announced that dinner was served.

"If your scruples will permit," Judith said lightly.

"It is on *your* scruples I am acting!" he answered.

Sears motioned Penrhyn to follow.

Penrhyn forcibly detained him. "I've been doing some tall thinking," he said, "and I've decided to tell you something that only a crisis like the present could induce me to tell anybody. You think this motor-trust is a big thing. It is only a wheel within a wheel! I must speak quickly: mark every word. You remember that rumor of an attempt to monopolize crude rubber? I'm in with the people who are making it. It is only as their agent that I am dealing with you and Wistar. For two years we've had a man in South America buying concessions—leading revolutions where he can't get them, and financing the government against insurgents where he can. Already we hold grants that cover the richest rubber country on this continent. To-day we are at work in Belgium for control of the Congo, and our agents report the best of progress. Before the year is over we shall control three-quarters of the rubber supply of the world."

Sears was still under sway of his repugnance to what his ally had done. "All that has nothing to do with me," he said.

"Nothing to do with you? As long as every Tom, Dick and Harry can make a motor-car and sell it, what sort of a monopoly do you expect to gain?"

"No monopoly; but a trust may be profitable without it."

"Profitable! Perhaps so—if dollars in driblets mean profit. What we want is the wealth that is power. Rubber means tires, and no tires, no bubble-wagons! Where's your imagination? Working together, we can make old John D. look like thirty cents."

The old man's eyes dilated.

"Ah, *now* your imagination is getting busy!"

"But the law?" Sears objected.

"What has our fool law to do with the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Congo? A corporation formed in London can give your New Jersey trumperies cards and spades."

The old man was silent, but his eyes continued to dilate.

"Come, they'll miss us downstairs," said Penrhyn, and he led the way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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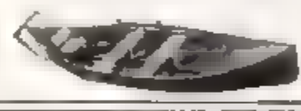

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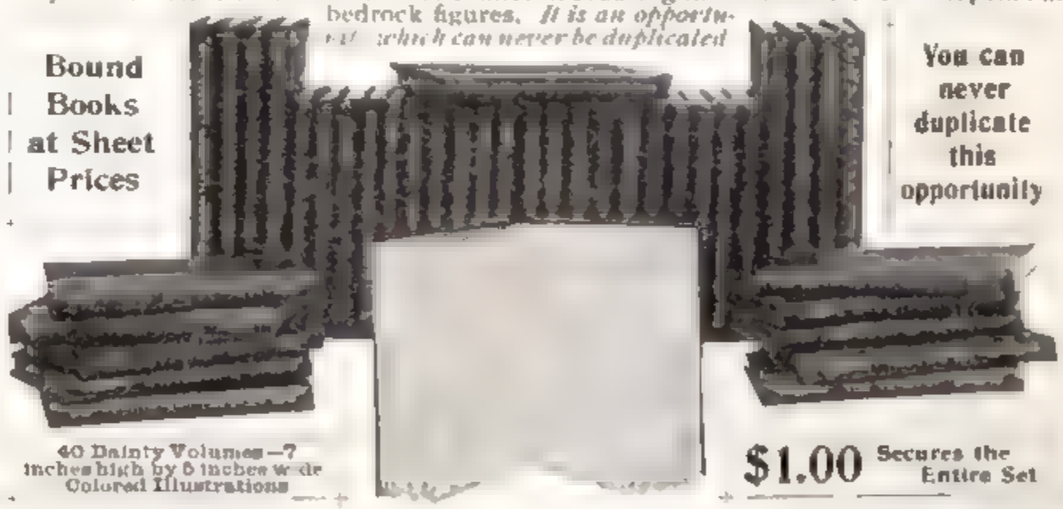

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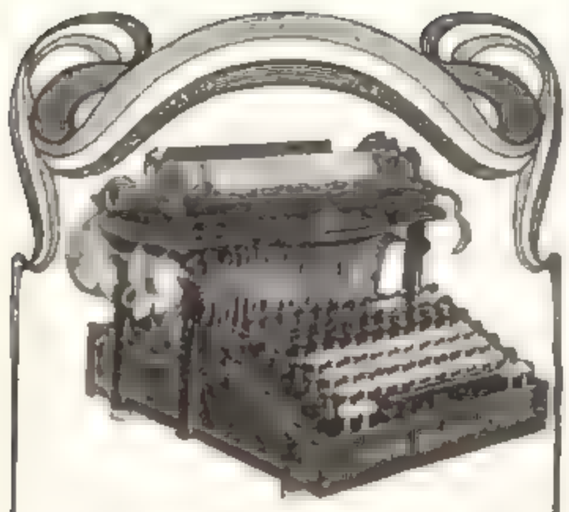

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Putting On a Play

(Continued from Page 17)

production, a new zest is given to the rehearsals, for the company now has the complete sets with which actual performances are to be given. This makes a great difference. Instead of opening imaginary doors, they now have real ones, so that they can time their entrance and exit cues more exactly. Instead of pretending to lean against an imaginary terrace, they have a real one—that is, a wooden platform covered with imitation grass—and this suggests to the stage-manager some new and effective bit of business, perhaps with the overhanging paper flowers.

Instead of an old property-bench, the lovers now have a specially-designed marble one, at least it is painted to look like it; and being of a different shape, it may involve an entirely new series of positions and pictures. Also, it may affect others of the cast who do not touch the bench; being a little longer or a little shorter than the one used during the previous rehearsals, it is decided that the villain would better make his appearance from entrance No. 1 instead of from No. 2. For, of course, all these minutiæ must be carefully debated and determined before the first night. Every step that is taken on the stage, every movement of a hand, or even of a finger, must be timed exactly in advance, and must be practiced until the whole thing runs with the precision of a piece of machinery and yet with the apparent spontaneity of a piece of life. At least that is the ideal aimed at. It is never quite attained.

"Take an earlier cue for that train-whistle," says the stage-manager. "It should break into So-and-So's speech; there should be no pause; it kills the curtain. And, wait a minute—the author says the train is a mile or so from the house. Put the whistle in one of the downstairs dressing-rooms with the door half-closed." It is tried that way. Now it is found to be too far away, it can't be heard under the balcony. So it is tried in the property-room.

"How's that?"

"Better."

But in some other theatre such may not be the case. It may be worse there.

These various off-stage sound effects are interesting contrivances. I once heard a layman ask, pointing to an elaborate affair like an ash-can covered with cleats, and turned by a crank, "What's this thing—the storm?"

"Naw, that's no storm," replied the English property-man; "that's an happroaching hautomobile, sir."

Dress-Rehearsals are an Event

Still more important are the dress-rehearsals, which come on the eve of the first night, and sometimes last until the morning thereof. The final dress-rehearsal is an event. Friends are invited, and there is quite an audience. The orchestra is there, too, to rehearse the incidental music. The players make up, the electrician experiments with all the light effects; everything is as much as possible like the real performance, and often a good deal better.

The manager arrives with his secretary, to take notes for him, so that he may keep his eagle eye upon the stage all through the performance. They sit in one part of the house, the stage-manager in another, and the author in another, so as to watch the effect from all quarters of the auditorium. At the end of each act they get together and compare notes. There is plenty of time for it, the sets are new and the waits are long, for the grips, as the scene-shifters are called, have to learn by practice their important part in the performance as well as the players.

"I still think the end of that act scatters," says the stage-manager, jocularly pretending to ward off a blow from the playwright. "If the author will cut out some of those small speeches by the cheap people, and give our leading man a good, ringing love-speech, full of fire and romance, then, with a quick curtain, I think we'll get 'em. It ought to be good for at least half a dozen calls."

"No, the trouble with that act," says the manager, "is that there are not enough laughs. You aren't very long on comedy, are you?" he adds to the author. "Build up Blank's part while we are out on the

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road. I'm paying him a hundred and fifty a week for that bit, and I'm not getting my money's worth."

Then, when they have finished their conference, they go down to the front row, and various members of the company are called out and down.

"Mr. So-and-So," remarks the stage-manager, who has spoken to Mr. So-and-So about this before, "your position at the curtain was very bad. Work up-stage more, and look scared."

"Yes, sir; thank you."

"Look scared to death!" thunders the manager.

"Yes, sir. I will look scared to death."

"Look the way you do now," whispers the comedian in the wings, for the benefit of the rest of the company, and the comedian, as usual, gets his laugh, which is straightway hushed by the assistant stage-manager.

The lovers are requested to embrace for the management. They do so, and look down inquiringly at their judges for the verdict. "Can't you look a little more in love?" asks the manager critically.

"But you see I'm not used to this gown yet," pleads the leading lady earnestly. "It's the first time I've worn it. By the way, how do you like it?"

"All right. It cost enough! But don't think about your clothes—think about him."

"Of course," she assures them, bobbing her head seriously. "I will Monday night."

The property-man is called for and informed that the box of matches for a certain scene should be only half filled, because it is impossible to get a match quickly from a full box, and the action is thus delayed dangerously. The property-man, who is in his shirt-sleeves, makes his bow before the footlights, and promises to remember about the matches.

The electrician is told that his moonlight is too blue; it turns the make-up on the faces into magenta.

The manager suddenly decides that there aren't enough people on the stage in the ensemble scene. He likes a full stage. "Order me a dozen dress suits, two brooches and a diamond tiara," he says, as a housekeeper would order eggs, and, turning to another of his staff, "Call two dozen extra people for Monday night. The mistress of the wardrobe will fit the women out with dresses we have left over from the last production. Now, then, once more—that act all over again."

"Once more! from the beginning," shouts the stage-manager to the company gossiping in the wings. And so it goes until they are all tired and on edge, which is sometimes a good thing and sometimes proves a very bad thing for the production.

The Dreaded First Night

At last the dreaded, exciting first night comes. The author is hurrying in and out of rooms, shaking hands with everybody and getting awfully in the way. The manager, also a bit excited, drops a few final instructions to the principals. "Now, then, the author has given you a good play. I have given you a good production. It's up to you to do the rest." To him it means a loss of fifteen to fifty thousand dollars—or a profit of many times that amount.

"I'd give ten years of my life if it were only to-morrow," remarks the supposedly calm hero to his good friend, his supposed enemy, the villain.

"If I can only live through the first act!" answers the latter, sticking on his mustache—"that's all I'm praying for."

"Have you checked up?" the stage-manager asks his assistant.

"Yes, every one's here—every one's made up—everything's all right."

"Listen! The orchestra's beginning the overture!" gasps the leading lady to her maid, who is quite as tremulous as her mistress and can hardly button the latter's dress up the back. In two weeks they may each be looking for another engagement.

Out in front of the theatre carriages are drawing up, emptying and driving off again. Overhead shines the title of the play in great, illuminated letters made of incandescent lights—quite as if it had always been there.

Suddenly the auditorium lights are dimmed, the orchestra stops abruptly, the chatter ceases, the footlights are turned on.

A brief but hideous pause, and then the curtain climbs up and another play is launched.

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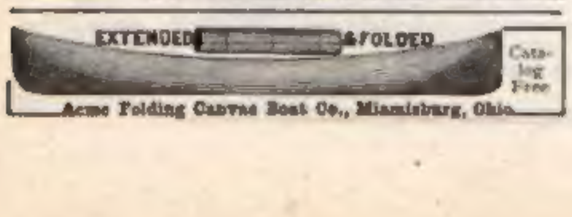

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A TRACE OF POISON

(Concluded from Page 13)

"It's a fake—poison!" Miller jerked out.

"Oh! . . . Well, if you've nobody in mind, I'll offer it to Bently ——"

"I'd like it myself." The chemist spoke rapidly as if to keep himself from reflecting.

"You?" Ronald let the Aerine bottle fall from his toe, where he had it nicely balanced, and raised his eyebrows. "It means nothing but—just twenty-five hundred."

"I know that. But I've got to get the twenty-five hundred. My wife's ill," he added in a low tone.

"Oh! Well, I am sorry."

The Professor's tone, however, was full of suppressed comment. If a penniless scientist must marry, why hadn't he the sense to pick out a girl with some money, or at least a healthy woman.

"You won't have any chance to do your own work, you know—just the grind," he warned coolly. "It's all right for a youngster, but ——"

"I know all that. But I've got to. See?"

For a few moments there was absolute silence in the little laboratory; then the Head, with a last speculative glance at the Aerine bottle, turned toward the door.

"Better think it over, Miller. Should be sorry to see you take a false step."

The young chemist raised his shoulders wearily.

III

WHEN Miller slowly dragged himself up the last flight of stairs to his flat, his wife met him at the door, where she had been waiting for his step, her eyes aflame with excitement, a touch of color in the pale cheeks that did much to obliterate those six grinding years. Her husband kissed her and patted her hair, but she was too much excited to return his caress.

"Here's a telegram for you, Bud! It came just after luncheon, and I've been waiting for you. Why are you so late?"

He tore open the dispatch and read it by the flaring gas-jet in the hall:

> Meet me this evening at eight City Club. EVAN HURSON.

"Is it about that Aerine business?" his wife inquired. "I've got a splendid dinner waiting. Mrs. Maury sent her girl in to help me."

"Yes, it's about that thing," he replied, mentally calculating train-time. "And I'll have to go at once to get the express. Sorry to miss your dinner."

"Oh, I'll keep some," she called buoyantly as he ran down the stairs. When he looked up at her girlish figure, leaning on the railing, she threw him a kiss, just as she used to whenever he went out to his laboratory. He was glad that at least the evil hour of disappointment for her had been deferred.

But what could Hurson want of him? Something about Aerine, of course. Possibly he wished to argue him into taking the offer, or to ask his advice about a change in the formula. And suddenly, with the picture of Nell before his eyes, he felt that he might reconsider—no, not that! He half rose to leave the train, to telegraph Hurson that he could not meet him, and then, ashamed of his weakness, sat back. He would either accept the thing with his eyes open to what he was doing, or he would refuse it. He was not sure yet which he should do, and he stared out into the lighted streets, his heart beating quickly.

Hurson had finished a comfortable dinner and was lounging in the reading-room, turning the pages of an illustrated weekly, when the chemist appeared. He kept the magazine in his hand as he led the way to a quiet corner, and Miller noticed the title of an article about patent medicines. The lawyer sent for cigars and settled himself for talk, keeping his hand on the open magazine.

"Some clients of mine were lunching with me to-day," he began casually. "They're interested in new ore beds up North: what looks to be a very valuable discovery of iron ores. Before they complete the deal they want tests made, of course, to know just what they are buying. Would you care to do it? I suppose you know what the job is. They are on their way up there now, and want an answer right away. So I asked you to come down this evening."

Miller stared at the lawyer with brilliant eyes, quite speechless.

"They're rich people, these clients—can afford to pay the proper fee—yes, a good, big fee," the lawyer added in a meditative drawl, thinking of his own fee. "You see, they want to get at the truth, the exact truth. There's a good lump of money involved, and for an honest judgment they are willing to pay well. If you want to do it I'll telephone them and send you a check for a thousand to-morrow as a retainer."

Miller fumbled at the arms of his chair, his lips trembling. At first the shock of relief took away his power to speak. Presently he stammered: "It is mighty good of you, Hurson."

The lawyer picked up the magazine in his lap.

"I've been thinking over that Aerine matter," he said slowly, waving aside all thanks. "I am afraid our friend Lammers sails pretty close to the wind, eh? He lives out at Edgemere, where I do, and got me interested in his company. It seemed a good thing, but I am afraid I did not take proper precaution before going in with him. What you said this morning came to me as a great surprise. I want to thank you for your plain speaking. I—well, I and my partner have decided to dispose of our interests in the company and withdraw. It isn't the kind of thing we want to be mixed up in."

He paused and added humorously, "Now, if the fellow that wrote this article on Popna should get after Aerine, it wouldn't be pleasant."

Miller smiled.

"Yes, they *are* roasting the patent medicines."

The lawyer turned the leaves of the magazine nervously, as he protested, "Aerine isn't like Popna—it hasn't any opium or alcohol. Why, I've taken it myself and given it to my wife with the best of results. However, I shall see Lammers tomorrow and ask him to dispose of my interests in the concern. I want to thank you, Miller, for calling my attention to—to the dangers. . . . That ore business is settled, then?"

Hurson was afraid. Miller could see—afraid that the well-known firm of lawyers of which he was the senior partner might get involved in some unpleasant notoriety. As a matter of fact, his fear came too late. The brilliant young journalist who had already punctured Vitarol and Popna got around to Aerine in the course of time—got around some months before Hurson and his partner had finally succeeded in freeing their skirts of all connection with the Aerine Company. It was a painful experience for the firm of Hurson, Roper & Henderson; but that is a story by itself.

When Miller, late that night, after leaving the lawyer, opened the door of his apartment he found his wife curled up beside the guttering lamp in his little study, asleep, her pretty mouth parted in a smile. As he kissed her she opened her eyes, murmuring sleepily: "Is it all right, Will?"

"Yes, it *is* all right," he answered solemnly, thinking how near he had come to succumbing. Would he have refused a second invitation if the lawyer had urged him? He was not sure, and he felt very humble over his good fortune.

"I'm afraid your dinner is spoiled," his wife said, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. "I tried to keep it warm."

"That's all right. To-morrow we'll get some one else to cook the chops!"

Convincing Proof

M. JULES HEDEMAN, journalist of France, was sent by his paper, the Matin, to interview John D. Rockefeller, when he was at Compiègne last summer.

"Mr. Rockefeller," said M. Jules, "I desire to interview you."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Rockefeller.

"I desire to ask you some questions about yourself and receive answers therefor."

"Ah!" said Mr. Rockefeller.

"I desire to discover if many of the things said about you are true."

Mr. Rockefeller pondered. At last he said: "I have heard it charged that I am so stingy I will never take a cab. This is not true, for if you will observe closely you will see that I intend to take one now."

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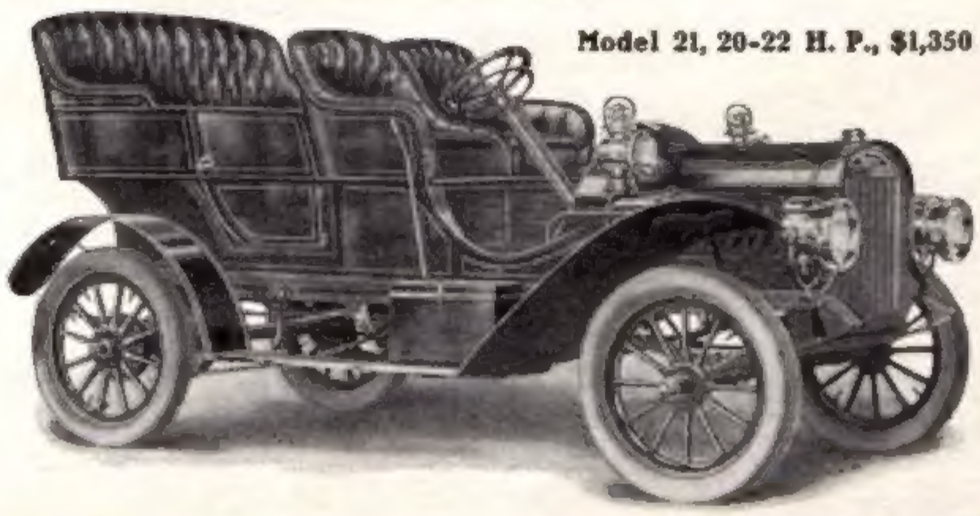

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On December 23rd R. R. Owen, and party of three, left New York City on a "pathfinding" trip to Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida. Their machine was an Oldsmobile "A" 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design and in addition to four passengers it carried over 600 pounds of baggage.

Roads of every description were encountered and by the time the run of over 1400 miles was completed at Daytona, on January 12th, the party agreed that not half the story of bad roads had ever been told. The illustration above shows a portion of a 20 mile strip of similar road, so-called, and is typical of the difficulties encountered and surmounted en route. The story in detail can be obtained on request—it's too long to be told here—the story of how the "Mudlark" made good.

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